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PUNCH

JANUARY

24
1951

Vol. CCXX
No. 5750



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



An experiment with
BARNEYS
 may lead you to the true,
 deep, lasting friendship
 of the pipe,—one of life's
 simplest, yet greatest joys

Kent.

*"When I was 20 I bought a pipe and tried
 "nearly every brand of tobacco that kind friends
 "recommended, was finally deciding to give up
 "the pipe in disgust, when I read one of your
 "characteristic advertisements. — I've smoked
 "Barneys ever since, and will continue to do so.
 "You describe it correctly—The Ideal Tobacco."*

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings. Week by week, from places near and far, they write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

(All original letters can be inspected.)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowls (full), 4/5 the oz. each
 (321) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne. ®



ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

CHAMPION

The World's Favourite

Sparkling Plug



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX

Why successful men * carry a RONSON



* Men are judged by the standards they set, the things they own. Watch successful men. Nine out of ten own Ronsons. A favourite is the Ronson Whirlwind with telescopic windshield—it lights equally well outdoors and in. Note its jewellery finish, its precision. No wonder many successful men choose the Whirlwind (above). From 43/6.



ANOTHER beautifully finished Ronson—the Standard—for the up-and-coming man. From 38/6

For distinction . . . get a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

A man with a thousand friends —



The Landlord

"Mine host" they called him in the old days.

Now he is sometimes affectionately known as "The Guv'nor!" But in a changing world his genial qualities have happily remained unchanged.

When time permits, he is ready to discuss any topic under the sun, from literature to lumbago and from crops to cricket — and even when

his bars are busiest, you never see him flustered. His tact, patience and quiet humour reap their own reward, for nothing begets good manners like good manners.

The cellar is his special pride, and his care and skill are reflected in the fine condition of his beers.

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

MINI-MOTOR

- 240 miles per gallon • Up to 25 m.p.h.
- 6 miles for a penny

Going to work is easy now,—quicker too, and shopping is a joy, with a Mini-Motor. Any cycle can be Motorised (tandem controls available). See your nearest dealer, today!

21 H.P. terms available
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Write to us direct for details, or
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MINI-MOTOR (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
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**There's a place
for YOU...**



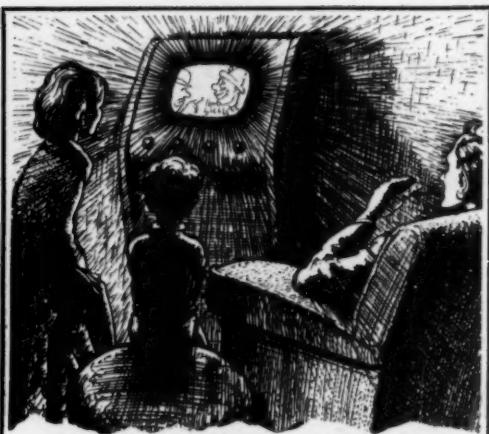
If you are young, fit and keen *you* can be the pilot of this 600 m.p.h. Meteor and an officer in the Royal Air Force. Pay is good (those who fly get additional pay) and you can make the service a life-long career. Send for details now.

Send for your copy NOW



TO : AIR MINISTRY (P.U.19) VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON
Please send details of Flying Careers in the R.A.F.
Applicants from U.K. only.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____ AGE _____



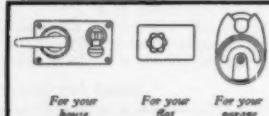
Enter a burglar!

HE KNOWS you have a television set because he's seen the give-away aerial. So while you sit watching and listening, it's a simple job for a burglar to pick your front door lock and get inside without your hearing a thing. Unless, of course, your home is fitted with anti-burglar locks.

Can you trust *your locks*? Would they stop a burglar? If you're doubtful, you would be wise to replace them with Chubb anti-burglar locks.

Shown here: the unpickable 6-lever Mortice Locking Latch (3L91) at 62/6; the Night Latch (4L40) at 39/6; the "Battleship" Padlock (1K11) at 45/-. Call in at your ironmonger's today and ask to see these locks. And do make sure that they are stamped with the name "Chubb".

Send for illustrated folder,
*Boom in Burglary—and the
Answer.* Chubb & Son's
Lock and Safe Co. Ltd.
40 - 42 Oxford Street,
London, W.1. *Makers to the
Bank of England.*



Fit CHUBB locks

Where's Jones? ..
Fetch Brown! ..
Tell Smith! ..

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(A subsidiary of The General Electric Co. Ltd.)
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Telephone: Chancery 5341 (P.B.X.)

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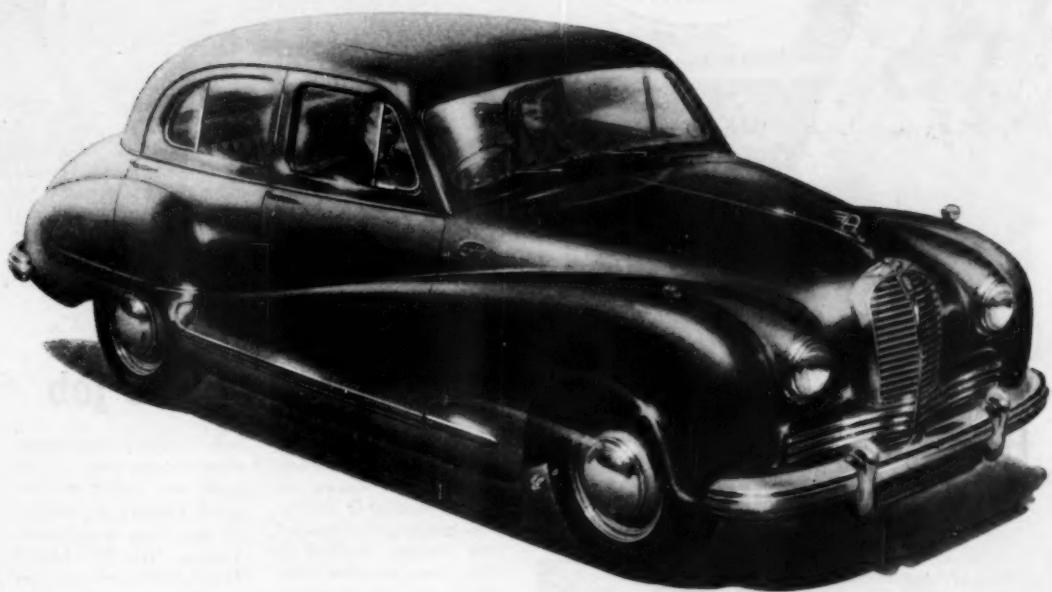


★ Write for booklet of styles to Moccasin Shoemakers Limited, Northampton



THE A70 HEREFORD

-A FINE NEW CAR FROM AUSTIN



Faithful to the English tradition, the Hereford will further the good name of Britain in many lands overseas and bring to home motorists a new appreciation of the performance, comfort and value provided by —

Austin of England

Britain's
SILVERSMITHS

Old English silver gleams with the genius of generations of our craftsmen. This tradition for quality, which Britain has made so very much her own, is kept alive in many forms . . . in cigarettes, notably by . . .



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

G484

Here's the first
2-purpose
blade dispenser!

YES—Personna's Zipak is the only blade dispenser with a compartment for disposal of used blades; takes care of your blades 2 ways—both coming and going.

Try the Zipak. You get 10 luxury Personna Precision Blades and the Zipak, still for 2/6. And you get all these advantages:

Speed. Convenience. No more fumbling with wrappings and loose blades. Your blades are spring-suspended in the Zipak, to keep cutting edges perfect. Then just a push of the button and there's your fresh, gleaming Personna blade instantly ready for use in any standard make of razor. And there is the unique underside compartment for old blades—a feature that is Zipak's alone.

Get acquainted with Zipak today!



ZIP! Just push the Zipak button and there's a Personna Blade ready for instant use



ONLY ZIPAK has this underside compartment for on-the-spot disposal of old blades

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

in new ZIPAK dispenser, 10 blades for 2/6; also in pk. of 5 for 1/3

When Bellman's
Build in Steel



there's

EXPERIENCE on the job

★ STEEL BUILDINGS are Bellman's business, whether the job is one of planning and erecting, repairing or adapting. Their knowledge is unsurpassed, their engineers prepared for every problem that site, climate or client may pose. Moreover, their wide experience helps to cut the cost of first class work.

★ BELLMAN'S may be freely consulted and will give expert technical advice without obligation. They are able to suggest designs for most types of steel buildings and submit competitive estimates for work in any part of the world. Skilled erectors and sheeters, equipped

with the most modern erecting plant and equipment of all kinds, are readily available.

★ BELLMAN'S are pioneers of the "Unit Construction" building. The BELLMAN HANGAR—famous in every theatre of the late war—is but one example of Bellman's mastery of the technique of large-span building by the unit method. To-day, they supply and erect temporary or permanent hangars, workshops, stores and large-span buildings of all kinds, whatever the climate and however difficult the site.

Write or ring BELLMAN'S for consultation on any steel construction problem.

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For the Motorist

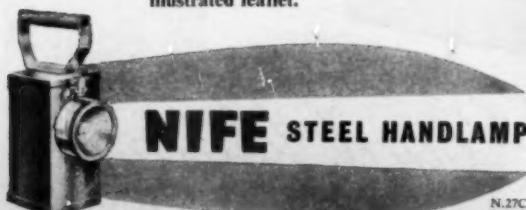


A LIGHT FOR LIFE

The 'Nife' handlamp is the strongest, most economical, most reliable lamp you can buy. It has a 'Nife' battery of the type used for portable lighting in H.M. Ships. You can leave a 'Nife' for months or even years — then at a touch of the switch you have unfailing, brilliant light.

- Case and battery are made of steel.
- No deterioration, no self-discharge.
- Not a flash lamp, but a continuously burning lantern.
- Each charging gives 9 hours continuous light.

Please send remittance for 70/-, or write for illustrated leaflet.



NIFE STEEL HANDLAMP

N.27C

70/- (CARRIAGE PAID) FROM NIFE BATTERIES, REDDITCH, WORCESTERSHIRE

First in design

Complete interchangeability of type-unit, carriage and platen plus many new features.

performance

Distinctive work of unequalled legibility. Clear carbon copies and fine stencils.

value

Built to give the long service always associated with Imperial Typewriters.

Imperial MODEL 60



Made throughout in Leicester by the Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd.
There is an Imperial agent in every large town.

*Well
Balanced!* Speed and quick decision.



This combination is a feature of
"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" SERVICE
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2



Happy little Scotch Blackfaced lamb! He knows his wool will be first choice for putting springiness into BMK carpets. Blended with other fine wools, it's woven on modern looms into attractive designs, with all the craftsmanship of old Kilmarnock. These carpets are permanently proof against moth, long-living and reasonably priced. If you're looking for worthy covering for your floors, put the BMK label first!

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

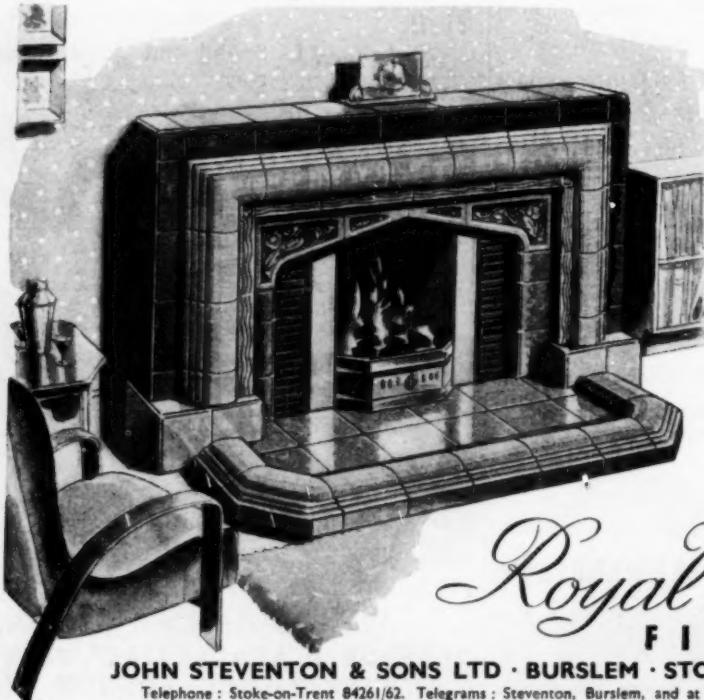


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Old Sheffield Plate
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This shop is situated behind Jenners



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KEEP



The slim, trim figure with its youthful lines is indeed a treasured gift. It is inseparable from glowing health and should be accompanied by a clear complexion and a healthy skin. You can keep a youthful figure and a radiant charm by using the Pifco Vibratory Massager to tone you up, relieve taut nerves, renew the tired tissues of your skin, and also to relieve many aches and pains. Beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and other muscular pains.

Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores. Write for illustrated folder and list of nearest stockist to:—Pifco, Ltd., Dept. 18, Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

59/6

Tax 14/6



Going on holiday?



If you're one of the lucky ones having a holiday—the Côte d'Azur, winter sports or a cruise in the sun—you must take one of the newest models of Thurgar Bollé Sunglasses. Intriguing designs—colours for every fashion—Thurgar precision-ground curved lenses to give perfect protection from sun and snow-glare.

From chemists,
opticians,
and leading
stores

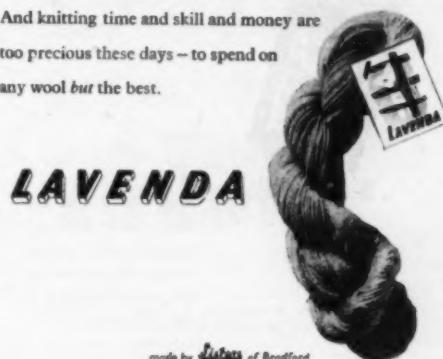


one knitted with the best wool

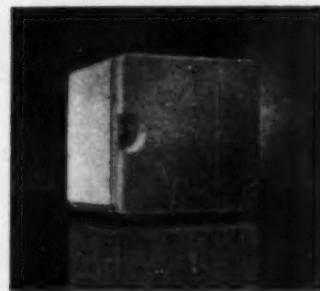
outwears that aren't

A Lavenda-knitted garment *keeps* its lovely softness, shape and colour through tub after tub. Only the best wool does that.

And knitting time and skill and money are too precious these days—to spend on any wool *but* the best.



made by of Bradford



ALREADY a favourite in American homes, the ASTRAL REFRIGERATOR is British-made and in a class by itself—sensible size and low cost make ASTRAL the ideal refrigerator for the average family.

Astral

THE BABY REFRIGERATOR

Price £37.9.8 inc. P. Tax

ASTRAL EQUIPMENT LTD., 150 HOPE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

★
 Dinner time was far from cosy,
 While Arthur was so turned-up-nosy,
 Until his weary taste to tickle,
 The doves of peace brought Pan Yan Pickle.

Of course you can always
 trust Maconochies for
 flavour.



By Appointment
 Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

Traditionally the salt of quality
 — available plain or iodised



All round the Clock



there's
 always
 time for

NESCAFE

Good coffee; with the full rich flavour, roaster-fresh fragrance! Yet so quick to make—put a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, add near-boiling water. With Nescafé you're sure of perfect coffee every time. Nescafé retains all its strength and goodness, sealed in by the special Nestlé process until the touch of hot water releases it for your enjoyment.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product comprising coffee soluble, combined and powdered coffee, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavor.

made in
 two ticks!

one
 two

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS
 S.I.C.

Skipper Joe Brownfield



**Pilchards from Newlyn
 for Shippam's fine paste**

Skipper Joe Brownfield of Newlyn will tell you that pilchards are fine fish—that's why Shippam's buy the best part of the catch from the Newlyn Pilchard Fleet. Shippam's want only the finest—the finest pilchards and tomatoes to blend together into Shippam's Pilchard and Tomato Paste. It's the choice of millions of housewives, for themselves and their families. It's a must for the larder—a treat for everyone.

**Shippam's
 PILCHARD & TOMATO PASTE**



SHIPPAM'S have been pleasing the public with fine foods for 200 years. We are proud of this tradition and proud, too, that the public still hold our products in such high esteem.

C. SHIPPAM LTD. • CHICHESTER • 1750-1950



**The loveliest casserole
is as cheap as any
you can buy!**



1½-pint size 'Pyrex' brand
oval casserole, 6/-.

**CHOOSE YOUR
'PYREX' BRAND
OVENWARE HERE**



Scalloped shells, 9d. each

—AND IT GIVES PERFECT
RESULTS IN COOKING DISHES
LIKE DELICIOUS SAVOURY
STEWNS OR HOT-POTS



IT'S hard to believe that these beautifully designed, sparkling glass 'Pyrex' brand casseroles are also as cheap as any you can buy. But it's true! In fact, they actually cost less than many types of casserole, and they last and last, even when in constant use.

And there's something special, too, about the cooking qualities of this lovely oven-table glassware. It cooks through and through, right to the centre—but gently and evenly. That's because glass holds heat and distributes it evenly to the food inside. The food *never* gets sizzled up—holds all its rich, natural flavour.

Cooking in 'Pyrex' brand ovenware is economical in fuel—you need less gas. Get one of these lovely, inexpensive casseroles and see what delicious, economical dishes you can produce for the family!

**BEST FOR COOKING, CHEAPEST AND
LOVELIEST OVEN-TABLE WARE**



BRITISH
TRADE
MARK

'PYREX' BRAND

OVEN-TABLE GLASSWARE

All 'Pyrex' brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heating.
It is made by James A. Belling & Co. Ltd., Wear Glass Works, Sunderland.

*Breakfast is better
with 'CHUNKY'*

St. Martin's special
recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

**S. Martin
'CHUNKY'**
MARMALADE

THERE'S ONLY ONE "CHUNKY" AND IT IS A PRODUCT OF
ST. MARTIN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PRESERVES, HAIDENHEAD,
ELY, NEWCASTLE, HORSTED KEYNES, BELFAST.



Perfection

We believe that the Belling Streamline Electric Cooker is the finest in the world. Beautiful in appearance and perfect in performance, it is in a class by itself. In operation it is completely automatic, the extra large oven and all the boiling plates maintaining any desired heat. The oven is illuminated when the door is open, and cooking can be watched through the inner glass door without any fear of being spoilt. Your usual electrical shop or showroom will gladly give you details.

YOU CAN'T BEAT A

Belling



CLOTHES DRYER

Ideal for the small house or flat—dries the washing quickly and thoroughly. Particularly useful to mothers with very young children. Rustless throughout.

£11 19s. 6d. inc. tax.

*Don't forget to switch off
at least one hour of your
Belling Electric Fire during
the Peak Periods (8.00-9.30
a.m. 4-5.30 p.m., Monday
—Friday). If everyone does
this, half the fuel battle will
be won.*

BELLING & CO. LIMITED, BRIDGE WORKS, ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX
CXC 104

Questions asked about Life Assurance: 5

How can I assure income for my family?

For a man to save enough to support his wife and children if he should die is more than difficult, it is well-nigh impossible. The obvious answer is, of course, Life Assurance. A policy of the usual sort, providing for a lump sum at death, is invaluable—but for a small additional premium the Life Offices offer Family Protection benefits which mean *income* as well during the critical years when children are growing up.

Under this type of policy, an Office promises to make a series of payments from the date of the death of the breadwinner until the end of a period of years fixed in advance. For instance:



Mr. Brush was a wholesaler. Soon after he married in 1947 he took out a policy for £1000 with Family Protection benefits—the annual premium being £52. 0s. 4d. He was killed in an air disaster this spring: as a result, £120 a year becomes payable to his dependants from now until 1972, when the £1000 will be paid as well. In all, the benefits will amount to £3640.

Mr. Bain, a stockbroker, arranged for a Whole Life policy with Family Protection benefits in 1937 when he was 32. He died in 1943. His family at once received the sum assured, £2500, and bonuses were paid as well. In addition, an income of £250 a year, beginning at the same time, will be paid until 1959. His premiums totalled £700—but guaranteed benefits will amount to £6500.



These are actual cases—only the names have been changed. They show that it is possible to leave your family a regular income through Life Assurance. And the Life Offices' record for security and fair dealing does indeed make assurance doubly sure.

Life Assurance

the way to save and to safeguard

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON

“Surely there's a more modern treatment for rheumatism?”

As yet it has not been possible to evolve one successful treatment for all kinds of rheumatism. In its more serious forms, rheumatism requires treatment which can be carried out only in a hospital. Fortunately, the “general run” of rheumatic disorders can be treated by much simpler means. Among these disorders is a very common form of rheumatism which is often caused by impurities in the system. This kind of rheumatism is not confined to older folk—as so many people believe. Young people, too, are subject to it. Painful rheumatic cramps and twinges persist unless the impurities which cause them are expelled from the system.

KRUSCHEN—SIMPLE & EFFECTIVE
These impurities can be expelled by what is known as saline treatment—a long tried and tested remedy. Kruschen provides this treatment. It helps the system rid itself of impurities naturally. Kruschen is not just an ordinary laxative, but six specially blended mineral salts. These act in two ways—aperient and diuretic—



helping the kidneys and the bowels to rid the body of impurities in the normal way. Kruschen is gentle and thorough. Taken regularly, it can often prevent these impurities from forming again.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in powder or crystals) from chemists and grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

KRUSCHEN

EASE AWAY those extra inches

New gentle massage method trims your figure—stops ‘middle-age spread’



Surplus fat is both a nuisance and a danger to health. A few minutes a day with the Rallie Massage Belt will give you back your waistline, make that “corporation” disappear, and restore your figure to a healthy, youthful slimness. No need for tiring physical jerks, no dieting, no drugs. Just a simple, easy stretch-and-relax movement—and your abdomen is gently massaged back into shape. It's wonderfully exhilarating, and it works wonders with your figure. You look better, you feel better. Approved and recommended by medical authorities, the Rallie Massage Belt enables you to give yourself a completely safe home-slimming treatment—at low cost. Equally suitable for men and women.

The pulling strands contract and relax the ‘Rallie’ Massage Apparatus alternately, exercising abdominal muscles and massaging internal organs.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE
Write enclosing 2½d stamp to

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.

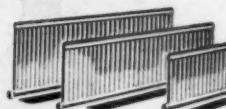
(Dept. 130H) • 62 PALL MALL • LONDON • S.W.1





Made-to-measure heating

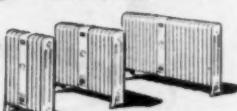
The range of Hurseal radiators is so wide that you can easily plan a heating system suitable for rooms of any size or for a complete flat or building. Use HURSEAL HEAT as main heating or to supplement coal fires or hot water systems, etc. The special oil hermetically sealed in the Hurseal radiator transmits a completely clean and healthy background warmth. With automatic heat control you have the most economic and comfortable heating available today.



HURSEAL ELECTRIC RADIATORS. Floor or panel type (as illustrated) in various colours and sizes. The panel type is fitted to the wall (usually under a window) and greatly enhances the appearance of any room.

HURSEAL GAS RADIATORS. The new way of heating by gas. In three sizes 8, 14 or 22 sections.

HURSEAL PARAFFIN OPERATED RADIATOR. Similar in appearance to the gas radiator. Clean, compact and portable.



Please send for a leaflet of the type that interests you and see why HURSEAL HEAT is healthy heat. Hot water radiators and Gas or Electric towel rails also available.

See the permanent exhibition at our Regent Street showroom.

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by Electricity, Gas, Paraffin or Solid Fuel



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EPICUREAN AIR RESTAURANT?



Best champagne luncheon
between London and Paris.

No extra charge.



AIR FRANCE The 4-Engine Service

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**new plus features have
made it Britain's most
talked-about sports car**

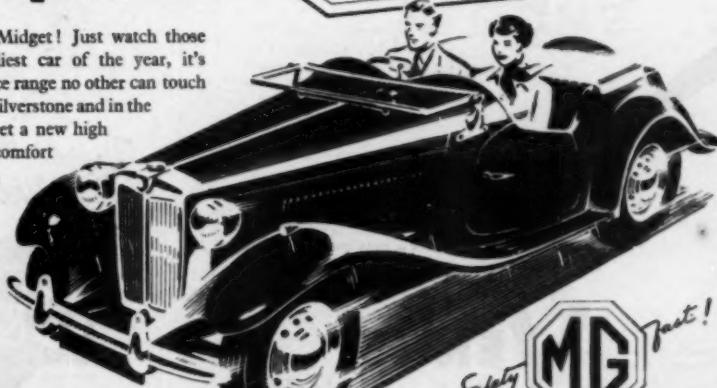
Here comes the T.D. Series M.G. Midget! Just watch those heads turn to admire it. The liveliest car of the year, it's unique among sports cars—in its price range no other can touch it. With its brilliant achievements at Silverstone and in the Alpine Rally, the T.D. Midget has set a new high for roadworthiness combined with comfort—and speed. It's the stamina car with 'plus' features, bred in the famous M.G. tradition of Safety Fast.

'plus' features include

Coil spring independent front wheel suspension.
Latest direct-acting, rack and pinion steering for light vibration-free touch.
Improved braking. Wider body and sturdier construction.

£445.0.0 EX WORKS PLUS £124.7.3 PURCHASE TAX.

-it's the
T.D. Midget!



THE MG CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD

(65) London Showrooms : University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1. Overseas Business : Nuffield Export Ltd., Oxford and 42 Piccadilly, London, W.1



**"Flu!...
I don't know
what we'd do
without
Benger's?"**

BENGER'S is the only fresh milk food that is already digested when you drink it, and is often the only kind of nourishment an influenza patient will take and can digest. Benger's Food fights 'flu' from the start and shortens convalescence by building up bodily resistance by reason of its rich nourishment—pre-digested.

Benger's Food is recognised throughout the medical profession as the perfect diet for the treatment of influenza and in convalescence generally.



Strong...

Pressure proofed by patented process and tested at every stage. Only proven leads go into Venus Drawing Pencils

SMOOTH...

A patented colloidal process removes all grit and impurities—they must be smooth

ACCURATE...

Accurate through and through—graded and tested by experts, Venus Drawing Pencils make the right mark every time

THE PENCIL WITH
THE CRACKLE FINISH

VENUS
Perfect PENCILS

THE VENUS PENCIL CO. LIMITED, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E.8

Drink

**Rayner's
Lembar**

*all the year
hot or cold*



Lemons

Glucose

Scotch Barley

Sugar

MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18

**WINTRY WEATHER
calls for warming food**



*There's nothing
like*



SOUPS THAT NOURISH



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



CHARIVARIA

ACCORDING to a retired detective, the cheap confidence trickster has practically disappeared from this country. Since the boom started only the very best can afford the wool to pull over our eyes.



Calling All Forgers

"Unfortunately, present regulations prevent our offering these cameras for general sale through the trade. However, every consideration is given by the authorities to inquiries from medical, scientific, industrial, criminal and other priority users."

Advt. in "Amateur Photographer"

2

"It is by sitting as friends round a table," says a parish magazine editorial, "that we can solve the greatest problems and bring lasting peace." Has the writer ever tried Canasta?

3

During Festival year, it is contended, the authorities must ensure that sightseers are not overcharged. This would be unpardonable in a country renowned for its free spectacles.

E

Although the Post Office have protested to Smallburgh Rural District Council, Norfolk, that more than 500 houses owned by the council have no letter boxes and the postmen have to put the letters under the door, the council have decided to take no action. A deadlock will be reached if the postmen adopt an equally unbending attitude.



"Ex-Inc. Tax official, exec. grade, highest refs., seeks change, home, abroad."

Advt. in "Daily Telegraph"

He's got all ours.

4

Mr. George de la Warr of the Psychosomatic Research Association has recently demonstrated a camera which he claims is capable of taking photographs of events that happened in the past. What of it? All the photographs we've got are of events that happened in the past.

"Little can be expected from a 'head' who is a rubber stamp on rails preening himself because he can bully probationers."

"Glasgow Evening Citizen"

Well, he might get a job in a circus.

When TV cameras toured Hampton Court Palace in the hope of televising the ghost of Catherine Howard, she failed to put in an appearance. It is rumoured that she was just about to do so when a representative of Equity arrived with a protest.



CLOSING THE RANKS

I'VE said hard things about the Festival of Britain,
Called it Morrison's Folly and harsher names,
Declared it was untimely and misbegotten,
Casting good money into the Thames.
I may have been right or I may have been
mistaken,
But the Festival of Britain has come to stay;
So from this moment I record as broken
My grim resolution that I wouldn't be gay.

If Britain has a Festival I'll make my contribution,
I'll paint up my house-front and wash my shirt,
Endow the arts and sciences, do street illumination
(See *Information Summary* from 2 Savoy Court).
I'll send in my entries for artistic competition,
Give furniture to youth clubs and clear out
canals,
I'll encourage local crafts and support inauguration
Of civic theatre companies and provincial drama
schools.

As for the foreigner of whatever race or colour,
I'll bear with his oddities, respect his creed,
I'll set him on his way to Wapping or the Mall or
Piccadilly Circus or the West Cromwell Road.
I'll ride with him the Dodgems in the Festival
Pleasure

Gardens in Battersea, conduct him round the stalls;
Or if he's serious-minded I'll find the leisure
To inspect with him the Bibles in the crypt of
St. Paul's.

I'll list for him the harbours to which H.M.S. *Campania*
Bears her floating exhibition across the festive sea;
I'll go with him the second mile, I'll share with him on
many a

Wet day my umbrella; I'll take him home to tea.
I'll forgo my right to grumble if I don't get a seat in
My customary transport—I'll make no moan;
And so far as in me lies I'll help the Festival of Britain
Be the gayest, finest Festival the world has known.

HH

S S

BORROWING TROUBLE

WHEN father has influenza he is, as authors are apt to be, both literary and difficult, and I wear a path to the library. The attendant there who looks after one's dogs and baskets is getting so bored with my raffia-trimmed peasant affair that he can hardly bring out a good-morning, and the librarians look a bit puzzled at the rapid turnover; but I can't help that. When father wants books he wants books.

For about half an hour after one of my expeditions there is a blessed silence in the sick-room, but presently the dread signs begin. Father, with an air of finality, will slap a book shut and bump it down on the floor; on bad days the slaps and bumps follow each other so fast that it sounds like a twenty-one gun salute, except that we can only borrow six books at a time. He gives little sarcastic cries, too, and wants us to come and listen to this bit.

If I bring him, say, two detective stories; a collection of hairy animal portraits that would melt a heart of stone; something about wandering in Wiltshire and something else about strolling in Sussex, and a nicely produced book on Georgian architecture, father, bringing his keen, analytical mind

to bear on my choices, will sum them up as follows:

First detective book. "Chah! This woman wouldn't know a gun from an egg whisk!" (*Slap, bump.*)

Second detective book. "Oh, no! Not another vicar!" (*Slap, bump.*)

Animal portraits. "Will you look at that neck? They ought to put the poor beast down, not photograph it." (*Slap, bump.*)

The whole counties of Wiltshire and Sussex are dismissed as precious because of one arty-angled photograph of a pump; and the book on architecture, the nearest to succeeding, evokes so many theatrical, nostalgic bellows that you'd think father was left over from the eighteenth century himself. When the books are all on the floor father, exhausted and a little triumphant, leans back against his pillows; and so far I've managed not to throw anything.

But when I had paddled through half-melted snow specially to fetch a long-awaited joke book which father soon summed up as "almost as funny as toothache" I went quietly but very decidedly on strike.

Mother was both kind and a bit insulting.

"You do try so hard, dear," she said, "but you just don't seem to have the knack or the insight." Slinging my too-familiar basket over her arm, she proceeded to take over the job of book-porter herself. I watched, feeling cynical.

She came back in less than half an hour, with, as far as I could see, only about three books. She didn't show them to me, but she did mention something about her insight. I just sat about and waited for the slap-bumps.

But there was nothing like that. Instead, only a few minutes after her return, there was a shout of laughter from the sick-room—unheard-of, open, generous laughter. Mother smirked. Four or five exclamations of delight followed in as many minutes, and then father called.

"I say! This is perfect! Do come and listen."

As we went in mother rubbed it in all over again about her insight. Father, beaming with pleasure and sitting bolt upright away from his pillows, was running his finger down the date list in front of a book.

"Been popular," he shouted gaily. "Best thing I ever wrote."



SPEAK FOR BRITAIN

"Why can't you three join up?"



"Darling, you remember that bridge we used to sit on when we were courting?"

TOWARDS THE HIGHER ZOOPHILY

THE Jains have a rooted objection to taking life. As they walk about—if walking is the appropriate description—they sweep the ground in front of their feet with a broom, in order to remove from danger any insects that they might otherwise tread on.

The English have long been famous for their love of animals, which, for the sake of appearing learned, I propose to call their zoophily. But they have never had the courage to practise, like the Jains, the Higher Zoophily, which

condemns the taking of any animal life at all.

It is true that if the Higher Zoophily were adopted here the tempo of life would be appreciably affected. The ingenuity of our automobile engineers might enable them to devise some kind of rotatory scoop which, mounted on the front of a car, would remove from its approaching wheels those rabbits, frogs, hedgehogs and caterpillars which suffer such mortality on our country roads. They might even develop some similar device for

brushing aside pedestrians. But if the brushing-aside process were to be relatively harmless the speed of the automobile would undoubtedly have to be less than that usually favoured at the present time. I envisage something of the order of five miles an hour as a permissible maximum.

The development would certainly be in accordance with the humanitarian trend of thought in our times. Any harsh treatment of animals is regarded with a welcome and ever-increasing distaste, at least by urban members of our civilization. In the countryside it is different. There all kinds of humble creatures, from foxes to greenfly, are habitually slaughtered without regard to their feelings in the matter. It is a sign of the more primitive outlook which persists, alas, in rural areas.

The cities are notoriously more advanced in their ideas; these great conglomerations of thinking human beings form a fertile breeding ground for new trends of thought. Moreover, their inhabitants do not depend for their livings on the survival of their chickens or their crops; accordingly, zoophilic tendencies can flourish undisturbed by economic considerations.

On two recent occasions I have been privileged to travel on west-bound Piccadilly Line trains in the company of a daddy-long-legs, or crane-fly, a dipterous insect allied to the gnat. Such an insect is a friendly, if impertinent, travelling-companion. He loves to peer into the faces of his fellow-travellers, one by one, from a distance of about an inch. He also takes great interest in the fitments of the compartment, in particular the electric-light bulbs and the advertisements, which he reads in detail, often with his nose actually resting on the printed matter.

It may be that the two insects I saw were in fact one and the same insect. The faces of individual daddy-long-legs, or daddies-long-legs, are differentiated only with difficulty by our unpractised eyes. This may have been the same myopic creature, commuting between Green Park and Hammersmith in the

ordinary course of his daily life. Or there may be at the moment a marked tendency for these diptera to migrate from Cockfosters to Hounslow. I am not concerned with this. I mention this insect (or these insects, as the case may be) merely as an illustration of zoophilic tendencies among our urban population. For the singular thing was that none of the human beings in those compartments, on either occasion, raised a hand against that daddy-long-legs, except perhaps for a slightly petulant wave to remove him from the vicinity of their noses, such as is practised quite frequently as a defensive measure against talkative Hibernian immigrants on Saturday nights.

The daddy-long-legs was, in fact, accepted quite naturally as a passenger on the Underground system, with no apparent resentment or class feeling. Whether he was a bona-fide fare-paying passenger I do not know; he may well have been apprehended at the exit and fined in due course for contravention of the London Transport Executive's regulations, as any of us would have been in similar circumstances. But he was not wilfully and summarily slain, as would have been his fate in less enlightened regions.

The experience encouraged me to think that we may be about to see a great upsurge of zoophily. It would be welcome, despite the many radical changes it would necessarily cause in our present mode of life. To vegetarianism, for instance, those of us who have been so fortunate as to savour a really juicy, underdone nut cutlet could hardly object. The manufacturers of insecticides must all have somewhere in mind the vision of a more gracious, if less remunerative, occupation. With the effect of the change on road transport I have already dealt. As for air transport, there is no doubt that it must cease entirely. It is impossible at the moment to imagine any device which would effectively prevent either propellers or gas-turbine intakes from exercising a disintegrative action on bird life. Ballooning may well be permissible.

The greatest effect would possibly be in the field of warfare. It is not proposed here to call into question the right of human beings to annihilate each other by any means in their power; this is a political matter, and we are dealing with an ethical problem. But it is surely wrong that what are quaintly called the lower forms of life should suffer in the process. The abolition of aircraft and the extremely low speeds permitted to motor transport would by themselves radically alter the nature of modern war. But the practice of the Higher Zoophily would also affect most other military operations; the use of artillery, for example. When a shell plunges into the earth and explodes, who can reckon what limitless annoyance is caused to what innumerable worms? And when a bridge is blown up, how many spiders, snails, beetles and earwigs have to adjust themselves suddenly to an aquatic environment? Even bows and arrows are suspect. Many an arrow must have transfixed thrush or swallow instead of its legitimate human objective.

I have a vision of the more leisurely wars of the future. I see two lines of opposing foot soldiers gradually approaching each other as they sweep the ground in front of their feet with pliable brooms. When they are at last within striking distance each man carefully brushes his opponent's helm or breastplate before having a bash at it with broadsword or battle axe, lest some innocent bug should suffer.

It might even happen that in these conditions the inflamed passions of the combatants would cool off before the slowly-moving armies managed to come to blows. Warfare would become impossible. It would be the final, if unexpected, triumph of the Higher Zoophily.

R. P. LISTER

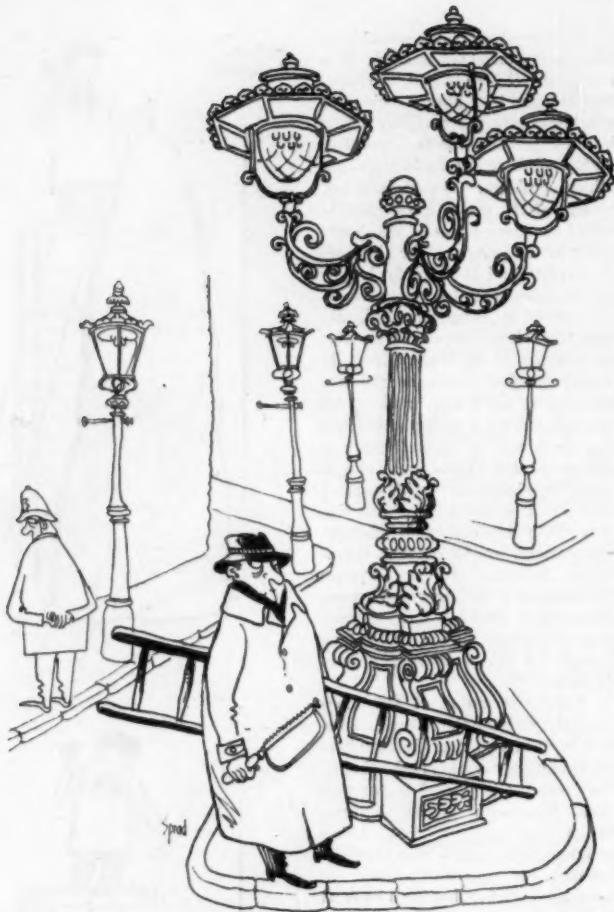
2 2

CAFÉ CAMEO

OBSERVE the waitress with her tray;

A wonder, you'll agree, sir,
How gravity is held at bay—
The Leaning Power of Tea, sir!





A FEAST OF LANTERNS

SOMEWHERE there is someone who knows everything about something; it is an impressive thought for the rest of us, who know next to nothing about anything, who goggle at the idea of a man's mind utterly magnetized by the history of the Saxon kings or the early developments of the plough.

But there it is. In a well-lighted mews in Hampstead lives Mr. Peter Varnon, who knows everything (but would be the last to claim it) about the lights of London. He has three of them in view in the mews—one, his very own, within actual

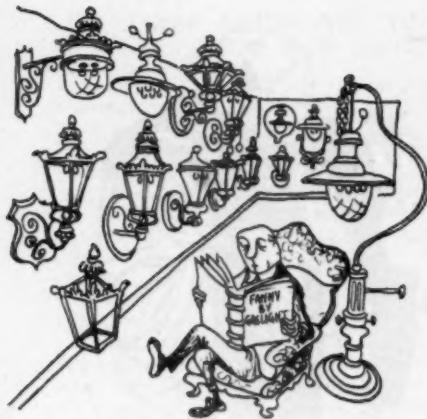
reach from his window; if your visit is aptly arranged you may see a hand emerge and give the time—switch a few brisk turns, or flick a little dust from the chimney and spire. The other two lights are maintained by the borough engineer, 'but one of the lamps is Mr. Varnon's; he made the lighting committee a present of it—on condition that it took the place of the official swan-neck design, whose illuminated question-mark had been pecking painfully at his visual comfort.

As a boy he followed lamp-lights like a shadow, and was

seldom more than a rung behind them as they worked; the deafening explosion of a new design of lamp, which both he and the lamplighter had been praising extravagantly a moment before, failed to unnerve him, and it wasn't long before he had a ladder of his own. Policemen, seeing a young man in a good middle-class overcoat climbing up lamp-posts with preoccupied deliberation, used to cross the road at once, their notebook-pockets bursting open of their own accord and the phrase "What's all this?" forming stiffly on their lips. I don't know what reply the first of these challengers received, but I'm sure it was quite disarming. "If you give me a shove up I can get a proper look at this Caxton conversion-set"—something of that sort. And I expect the officer postponed the arrest for a moment and was lost; five minutes later, as I reconstruct the scene, he was carrying the ladder to the next post, learning with respectful surprise that the last one, to which he had barely given a thought until he spotted somebody up it, featured a rare old cradle-type lamp adapted to a frog mounting, which had been converted (at a date quoted) from flat flame burner to incandescent mantle.

At any rate, the police are all on Mr. Varnon's side now. Light is the enemy of accident and crime, and the more they can get the happier they will be; they know that he is not just a keen collector of lamp-posts but a designer too; no doubt they have especially high hopes of his current efforts to perfect an unbreakable lamp, which should in time reduce the incidence of blistered feet: the undignified pursuit of stone-throwing urchins is exhausting, and never led to promotion yet. But they minister to his collector's itch, and advise him smartly of the providential wrecking of, say, a street refuge;





the fallen lantern may be one he has coveted for years, an early tin-top, perhaps, or a noble old Sugg, and if he can get on to the municipal authorities quickly enough he may be able to save the treasure from the scrapyard.

It is often by assembling some of the best features of obsolete installations that he produces a fresh design. New lamps, so to speak, for old. But it is not always easy to get what he wants. Occasionally a friendly borough will agree to take down and sell him a Rochester or Heathfield on the spot, but he usually has to await a periodic reorganization of the lighting plan before carrying off his prize. "That will be mine one day," he told me as we drove to Victoria, and by way of indication he swerved the car wistfully towards a lamp-post in Dorset Square. "Then there's a very fine old Lambeth in Bushey I want badly, but they won't make their minds up." The Lambeth is a graceful old four-sided lamp with kite-shaped panes and high ladder-bars, looking something like a staid Victorian lady with veil tied under chin. Mr. Varnon's grandmother used to resemble a Lambeth, so he says. He speaks of her with great devotion.

Earlier we had admired together in his studio a floor full of Sterlings and Caxtons, Whitehalls and Camberwells, and studied his drawings and photographs of other rare

specimens, some of which he is using in an ambitious treatise on public lighting for display at the Festival. Then we went outside and stood under his very own lamp, looking at our watches. It was just coming up to four in the afternoon, and as a church clock began to chime the lamp glowed into life. He looked up at the sky and remarked that it seemed very light for the time of year, and when I reminded him that we were past the shortest day he sighed and said "Ah, well." The brief summer nights, I realized, must cut down his fun considerably.

We went and looked at a shed full of lamps. He handled them with tender dexterity and spoke of air currents, spigots and chimneys, governors, gas-ways and mixing-tubes. Like London itself, which has about a hundred thousand gas lights and a hundred thousand electric, he is not biased in favour of either, though the production of electric lamps which retain bad and superfluous features of the gas type saddens him a little. We went into the next shed and saw a lot more. "Then there are heaps on the roof," he said, "if you'd care to go up?"

Then I had to break it to him. I had been led to expect, I said, a collection of lamp-posts. I added quickly that I was not in the least disappointed at the absence of a sweeping drive, sewn thickly with lamp-posts of rich and strange design, all hissing and flickering across the Hampstead dusk . . . but had he any lamp-posts at all? He looked a little crestfallen, but rallied well. It seemed that he kept a few at Frinton-on-Sea, but otherwise—well, no. To the connoisseur the post as distinct from the lamp (or, to be correct, the column as distinct from the lantern) is no great catch. For one thing, cast-iron pillars of from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length present a certain storage problem, even in the vertical. For another, they are to be acquired much, much less easily than lanterns.

Boroughs are stubborn about dismantling them, for economic reasons: whatever changes may take place in the lantern itself the column—even an old cannon-base—remains robustly fit for duty. It is unfortunate, this, and often results in the painful incongruity of old and new which characterizes (for a single example) the lights in the Park between Stanhope Gate and Hyde Park Corner; their original short columns, once capped in neat proportion by pleasant old six-sided lanterns, have lately sprouted an extension sleeve to support a revolutionary new Southport on top.

Earlier in the journey we had studiously checked the borough boundaries by the changing style of the lamps. If Mr. Varnon ever had the misfortune to be carried off blindfold and set free in an unknown corner of London he would glance at the nearest lamp-post and know at once that the first turning on the left would bring him to Aldgate Station, or the first on the right to Lord's cricket ground. He might have to do a bit of climbing to nail down subtle distinctions between, say, Paddington and Chelsea, but he'd find his way home all right.

As we coasted down Grosvenor Place, with the long wall of the Palace gardens receding away on our left, he became pensive, and murmured something which I didn't catch at first. "I'm sorry," he said, and nodded at the wall. "I was just thinking there must be some very interesting lanterns in there, very. I mean to see them one day."

He'll do it, too. He has an engaging way with him.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

Volpone—Walk Softly, Stranger

PERHAPS it's unfair to observe that the French *Volpone* (Director: MAURICE TOURNEUR), adapted by JULES ROMAINS and STEFAN ZWEIG from the Jonson play, gives the impression of being full of putty noses. In fact perhaps there aren't many: Volpone himself (played by the late, great HARRY BAUR—the film is several years old) has a very fine one, and Corvino (FERNAND LEDOUX), looking back I woun't swear there are any more, though it would be in keeping with the extravagant, boisterous bawdiness of this production if every face were so exaggerated. LOUIS JOUVET is Mosca, and his sardonically mobile features are allowed to play it straight; he is of course the perfect man for the part, and in a great many of his films he has been called on for some Mosca-like behaviour. The adaptation from the original is very free indeed: one recognizes the characters from their positions in the narrative, but they are elaborated or simplified. We see Volpone's first meeting with Mosca—in a dungeon where they have both landed because of debt; Corbacio turns out to be a miserly moneylender, and his son a bluff roaring captain of the fleet; and there are other even more radical differences. But the main situation, Volpone's pretence of illness and death to plague those who hope to be his heirs, is retained; so are the subsidiary ones, his discovery with



[Walk Softly, Stranger]

Angel and Cup

Elaine Corelli—Valli



Fox and Hound

Mosca—LOUIS JOUVET

Volpone

Volpone—HARRY BAUR

Corvino's wife and the ludicrous trial in court afterwards. The whole thing is riotously done against a fancifully heightened background of old Venice, and I found it good fun, though no one could call it elevating. Some of the crowded street scenes are models of their kind in being crammed with life and activity and imaginative detail and yet in the best sense designed and constantly pleasing to the eye. There are rather too many superimposed titles.

People simple-minded enough to expect *Walk Softly, Stranger* (Director: ROBERT STEVENSON) to be something like *The Third Man* because the advertisements declare that the picture offers "the *Third Man* team in a thrilling new adventure" are going to be surprised by it, but it won't surprise anyone else. I say "surprised," and not "disappointed," because minds simple enough to build all their hopes on the presence of certain stars are not likely to be able to appreciate the points that made *The Third Man* good, anyway. The fact that they don't think so much of this they may explain by some equally irrelevant circumstance such as that the scene is a small American town instead of Vienna. Here JOSEPH

COTTEN is one of those noble-hearted gamblers, and VALLI is a rich girl in a wheel-chair. He steals a great deal of money and the fade-out is on her promising to wait for him while he is in prison—though I'm not clear what he goes to prison for, because it is understood that the victim of the robbery daren't go to the police and is, anyway (I think), dead after one of the most spectacular and well-managed car crashes I ever saw on the screen. Empty, but entertaining: the dialogue is full of smart cracks and the small-part characters are excellent.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another London show much talked about is the French semi-documentary *La Vie Commence Demain*. Its aims are laudable and it is interesting, but I wasn't impressed as (by all accounts) I should have been. One tends to weary of the formula of the inquiring young man being tremendously impressed by a simple exposition of things most intelligent readers know about already.

All About Eve (20/12/50) is released; *verb. sap.*

RICHARD MALLETT

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE GENIUS OF THE LANGUAGE

How can I but own
love of you, and lock
never thence to move
from my heart that love,
coming as I do from the English
stock—
mixed blood, knit flesh and
bone?

Back, far back you go
to the strong, simple words:
you speak of father, mother,
son, daughter, sister, brother,
day, night, sun, star and cold,
hearth, fire, earth, dew and gold,
wheel, ox, wave, ice and snow,
the names of trees and birds.

Street, village, wall and camp
bear the hard Roman stamp.

Riding and wapentake
your pious care you make.

Quenched was Rome's beacon light:
downcast, the night grew dim,
but from great Augustine
sprang out like stars in that
night
altar and psalm and hymn,
apostle, creed and shrine.

The Normans took Rome's place:
came court and castle and crown,
robber and justice and rent.
Despite your Saxon frown
(the churls were ill-content,
misliking Domesday Book)
from the conquerors you took
mercy, compassion and grace.

From their crusader's task
returning one by one
the knights brought back for
you
such strange delights and new
as scarlet and saffron
and azure and damask.
They brought by way of the
East,
your fancy to adorn,
full many a fabulous beast:
basilisk, hippogriff and unicorn.

Now choleric at such folly
with sanguine melancholy
you in a horoscope
disaster saw, or hope,

or those more dangerous toys—
alembics, crucibles
gave you a wizard's joys:
you muttered arcane spells.

With the Renaissance you
aside such magics threw
to ransack classic learning.

From such high pleasures turning
you put to sea again
with drum and culverin
to beat the Spanish Main
and bring home terrapin,
and stories of doubloons,
breezes, moidores, typhoons;
some mulattos, perhaps,
and El Dorado maps.
Then, splendidly bepearled,
sailed for a brave new world;

tomahawk, persimmon, opossum,
moccasin
you there exchanged for gin:
such barbarous lands anon
forsook for Helicon.

From which in turn you strayed
and innocently played
at *classifying* things—
and that, dear Genius, brings
uncomfortably near

the time when men with zest
began to probe and peer,
boil, analyse, and test
with litmus blue and red:
your halcyon days have fled.
Science rears her ugly head:
in *those* alembics, Genius,
was magic black and dangerous:
had you not *Foresight?* *Prophecy?*
Prospicience? *Presentiment?* Why
did you not blow them all sky-high
before their poisons spread?

R. C. SCRIVEN



SIGGS

"Well, Alfie, what's it like to win
fifty thousand pounds on a football pool?"

EERIE

I HAD an eerie experience a few nights ago. I was alone, and the wind was whistling through a holly tree just outside the house, when the telephone rang.

The moment it rang I had a feeling that something awful was going to happen. The fire was getting low, and there was the shape of a sort of hooded fiend pressed against the window pane.

I crushed out my cigarette, the way they do it on the films, and crossed to the telephone. The fiend at the window bowed at me, and made a noise something after this fashion: "Oooheee!" (A bit louder, if anything.) As I picked up the phone a voice inside me murmured "Don't!" I hesitated just for a second, and put the receiver to my ear.

"Hello," I said.

A man's voice answered—low, and urgent, and somehow secretive. I pictured its owner as being about six feet nine, bearded, in a long black cloak with gravy down the front.

"Is that Mrs. Googe?" said the voice.

"No," I replied, as bravely as I could. "It isn't."

"It must be," said the voice, sternly. "That's Geranium four eight five one, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. And as I did so my heart sank, and the fiend vanished from the window, and I was more alone than ever.

"Is that four eight five one Geranium?"

"Yes, yes," I said. I even checked up on the little round thing that tells you what your number is when you can't think for the moment.

"Well," said the voice, "you're Mrs. Googe."

I felt a tingling sensation at the top of my head.

"I assure you I'm not," I faltered.

"Don't be silly," said the voice, with a nasty edge to it. "You must be, if that's Geranium four eight five one. Where's Grapple?"

"Grapple?" I whispered, looking over my shoulder at three winged beasts that were now hopping slowly up and down outside the window.

 & &

THE WATER-SELLER

WOULD that I were a water-seller
By the Damascus Gate;
Or that a kinder Fate had led
Me to Baghdad and a share of Omar's bread;

Or that my caravan were wending
Over the Ram's Horn Pass,
The pack-mules cropping the grass that grows
Between the snow-line and the pale Manchurian rose;

Or that beneath strange constellations
Deep in Van Diemen's Land
My swag were spread on the sand below
Blue gums gigantic in the dying embers' glow;

Would, in fact, I were anywhere but Swindon Junction, in pouring rain,
Waiting upon a train that some
Deep-rooted instinct tells me will never come.

One thing at least is extraordinarily clear:
You couldn't sell water here.

G. D. R. DAVIES

"Charlie Grapple," said the voice.

"There's no Charlie Grapple here," I said faintly. "I'm Miss Hawkins, and this is my number, and I've never heard of Mrs. Googe."

"Now listen," said the voice. "I'm in no mood for playing games. I ought to know Mrs. Googe's number, and I ought to know Mrs. Googe's voice, and you're it. Now cut it out, and tell me what's happened to Grapple!"

I couldn't speak any more. The receiver fell from my limp fingers into its cradle, and there wasn't a sound in the house except for a sort of creaking behind the bookcase.

I stood petrified. Perhaps I was Mrs. Googe! I saw myself, a poor little old widow woman with a parrot, slaving at my embroidery to make a home for the worthless Charlie Grapple. I even glanced at the mantelpiece for a photo of the late Mr. Googe, with a quiff and a celluloid collar, and I'm not sure I didn't see one. . . .

It took me a long time to get back to normal. Then I put more coal on the fire, turned on the radio, and started to laugh at myself. In fact I laughed so much that I got into a very playful mood, and eventually went to the telephone again.

If Myrtle was still up I didn't see why she shouldn't have an eerie experience too. After all, we're life-long friends. So I dialled Geranium one six one two.

My idea was, when she replied, to ask in a croaky voice if that was Lulu, and insist that it must be, and frighten the life out of her with a lot of stuff about a spy ring and a body in a sack.

At last I heard a faint "Hello!" the other end.

But I hadn't the heart. The poor girl was probably all alone too, and she's never been really strong.

So I just said brightly "Hello, is that Geranium one six one two?"

"Yes, it is."

"Is that you, Myrtle?"

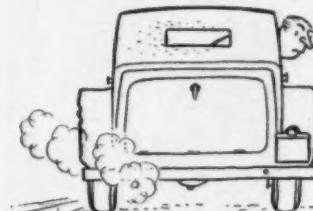
"No," came the reply. "This is Mrs. Googe. Is that you, Charlie?"

Ghostly fingers scrabbled at the panes.

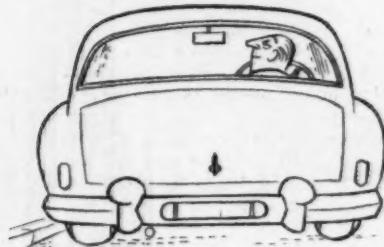


"Would you kindly settle an argument—is this, or is it not, the longest nave in Britain?"

The rear window of the old car—



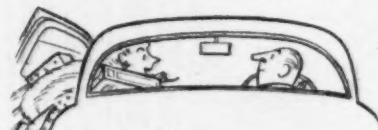
was quite useless for reversing.



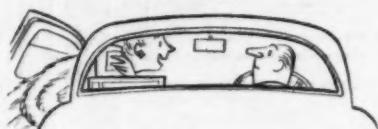
But take my new car, now;



thanks to modern designers—



the situation—



to-day—



is—

URBAN ADVENTURE

I WAS churning the butter-milk when Ephraim came in from the byre. I took one look at my lord and master and asked what was going on behind that marble brow. When he told me I just leaned against the separator and gasped. If you please, we were going to give up farming and live miles away from everything in town! We Padgetts knew as much about city life as a brindled foal knows about phosphates; every single name in the family Bible, a first edition, has been good country stock. Why should I lay myself open to every silly mistake I could? Then Ephraim just smiled that deep, slow smile of his and I knew why.

We had several replies to our advertisement in *The Fat Stock Breeder*, but as soon as we saw "Ventnor," Prospect Road, Lambeth, we knew this was it. It was the middle villa of a terrace, and I vowed that before I had finished it would be perfect. Mr. Parr, a dealer in the district, was almost as enthusiastic about our plans as we were. He found us some linoleum that was just the right age to go with the stained glass in the fanlight and a deal hat-stand that had once, he said, been in the villa next door. For curtains I used cheese-muslin, looped and ruched so that it looked just like the real thing. Some of the farm furniture only needed a coat of varnish before it was right. Ephraim made window-boxes out of an old feeding-trough and planted a thin row of wallflowers and geraniums round the foot of the bay window. At the back was a paved yard, with some bits of corrugated iron and coke in it. How we laughed when I innocently remarked "Poor grazing!" We got the carrier to bring up an old hip-bath from the farm and half-filled it with broken breeze blocks; then we trailed a clematis over it, and Mr. Parr sold us a bent bicycle frame and a couple of tyres. I arranged them together and soon, with a couple of halters stretched out to make clothes-lines, we had the back of the villa looking as good as the front.

I don't mind admitting that my eyes were moistish when we moved, as Ephraim gee-upped the horses and Prodd's Acre receded among the trees. However, when we got to Lambeth there was so much to do I had no time for moping. The bees had decided to come with us and Ephraim had to turn to and knock them up a hive. I had never used a gas-cooker before and supper was very late that night. We certainly slept



exactly . . .

soundly, and as a slight fog made the dawn dark it was half-past five before we thought of stirring and I sent my lord and master out to get the milk. Unfortunately there was not very much, as the move had upset Marigold, who greatly resented the change from her cosy byre to the poky little bicycle-shed that was all we could offer her. When Ephraim drove her off to the Common to pasture she took pretty surly.

I knew I must hurry to get forward with the baking or the neighbours would arrive before I was ready. Down home they would come as far as ten or fifteen miles the day after a farm changed hands. I set out trestle tables in the front and back of the villa as well as using all the space inside. A housewife never gets over a reputation for being niggardly. Ephraim put on his town clothes, a frock-coat we had got from Mr. Parr and a choker Gaffer Furth lent us that his grandfather had bought for a visit to Salisbury Assizes. I wore my flowery hat, my salmon satin and a gold locket with a twist of Fairy Bell's hair taken the year she won the silver medal at the show.

Back at home one of the first arrivals would have been Gaffer with his serpent to give us a tune. Of course we did have a piano—we knew enough about town life for that—but neither of us could play. We should just have to rely on the neighbours. We learned the words of "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" and hoped for the best. Not a single neighbour came! One of the local children stood on the pavement opposite and called across that his Ma said we were letting the district down by setting up a stall, and that was all! We seemed to make no social progress. Whenever we passed a neighbour in the street we'd call out "What cheer, cock" or "Not 'arf," but all we got were cold looks.

To cheer Ephraim up I got a pin-table, and once we had mastered it we spent hours playing this towniest of games. Suddenly I had an idea. We'd have a pin-table party and get some of the gang up from the village. We aimed to have it between haying and goosing, so that we'd have something to talk about through the winter. While we were fixing up the invitations, every week brought some new improvement to the villa—an aspidistra, a set of texts, a canary. Ephraim was all taken up with putting aerials on the roof and turning the cellar into a dive, so the time passed quite quickly.

until at half-past six on the great morning the sound of Gaffer's serpent made us rush out into the road. There they all were, wains of them. We had to stand a good deal of chaff on our townly ways as they unloaded. Shepherd Thorple went off to the Common to leave his flock until he was ready to go back and the women piled up their contributions to the feast. Saul Oakes took the front railings down to give us more room for dancing and the Gyrth boys larked about everywhere.

What a day it was! As Granny Farthingale said, "Twelve hour o' eatin' and twelve hour o' merrymakin' dū be a fine vacation arter harvest." Several times neighbours looked by to pull long faces over our rumbustiousness; but the Gyrth boys drove them away with their hazing. When a Mrs. Hawkins complained that we were blocking up the street with the wains Edward Gyrth said she reminded him of the old brown cow that got her nose in the pig-trough and Alfred Gyrth pretended to think she was up for auction and cracked some jokes that made Granny Farthingale laugh so hard that she choked, though she wouldn't explain them to us young ones. It was a great moment when we produced the pin-table. It took a lot of time to teach them how it worked; but Gaffer nodded approvingly that it was real city-like and soon we were all hard at playing.

We felt sad when the visitors had to return home for milking and I rather wished I was going with them. One day, I knew, I should be going back to Prodd's Acre; but I was not done with town life yet awhile. I have lots more to tell about life at "Ventnor" and until I have got several books out of it I expect we shall be hanging on here. Crazy paving, the lodger, the donkey-barrow, oh, there's lots more material yet.

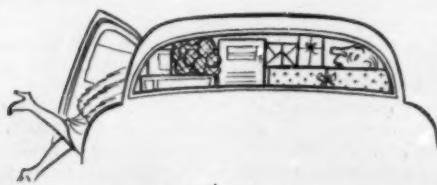
R. G. G. PRICE

2 2

CONVERSION

I RECALL how, as a youth, I would sometimes tell the truth (Fearing Candle, Book and Bell, And the fearful pains of Hell).

Now I never tell a lie
(But I do not quite know why).



... the —



same.



"Right up to the last minute I thought someone would produce an antidote."

OPERATION SLEUTH

WHEN I saw in my paper that "new ways of tightening tax collection" were being considered by the Inland Revenue authorities I knew well enough that it would mean more work for me. That it would be work of a very unfamiliar kind, and that I should be plunged into it almost immediately came as a surprise. When I arrived at the office yesterday morning I found Crumble up to his eyes in brown paper parcels, gazing at a species of circular with an air of bewilderment.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Crumble?" I asked.

"It's from the Chancellor of the Exchequer," he replied unsteadily. "He's in an ugly mood, I can tell you. It seems that a great many people have been returning smaller

incomes, profits, and so on than they actually receive. See the idea? They pay less tax then. Got it? Well, he says it's a bit thick and he won't have it. What do they take him for?—He wasn't born yesterday—and so on and so forth: it simply seems to have knocked him endways. Have a look at it."

I glanced over the letter.

"...Tactics that endanger the stability of the whole edifice of national finance so patiently raised by the unceasing toil of our fore-runners...two can play at that game...intolerable increase in dependent relatives incapacitated by old age or infirmity...like some evil dream...burden must be shouldered...won't get away with it...go forward hand in hand...hardly know which way

to turn...." The thing had clearly been written at white heat.

"It's a naval uniform," said Crumble suddenly. He had opened one of the parcels and was pawing over the contents apprehensively.

"Surely all that gold lace isn't right with the bell-bottomed trousers?" I ventured. "And what's this note pinned to the cap?"

"N.B.—A rolling gait should be perfected by the wearer," read Crumble. "Clear enough, Mintaway, clear enough. A rolling gait. Naturally."

I took up the letter and turned to the last paragraph.

"I have therefore decided," I read aloud, "sustained by the faith and encouragement of my colleagues

in the Government and with the Prime Minister ever at my elbow, to set in motion machinery designed to fix these pests for good and all. Each collecting centre should by now have received six disguises. The use of these is clearly explained in the attached pamphlet—Pp. 4, 5, and 6, Secs. A B, C, D, E, and F—and additional information in booklet form has been supplied with each disguise. All personnel in rotation will be required to undertake what will be known as "Operation Sleuth," with the exception of those born on or before December 31, 1900."—I glanced at Crumble and noticed that a tinge of colour had crept back into his cheek—"Those who wish to claim exemption on medical or moral grounds should fill in and return the enclosed form XQI 232, duly authenticated by a doctor and/or a minister of religion. The pamphlet, with the contents of which all personnel are expected to make themselves familiar without delay, contains general instructions and an outline of Operation Sleuth—Pp. 1, 2 and 3; illustrated ju-jutsu locks and holds—Pp. 7 and 8; first aid hints—P. 9; and arrangements for any alterations in holiday lists that may be necessary—P. 10. The whole thing leaves a very nasty taste in—". That seems to be about all," I said.

Crumble began to examine the pamphlet, turning it over and over in his hands.

"I get the idea of the thing," he said at last. "It's clear enough: a nuisance, but quite straight-

forward. Suppose, say, that some manufacturer or other fills in his return showing a profit of £20,000 for the year. We decide to check it. Right. Let's say it's your turn for the naval uniform. Well, you make your way to the factory—"

"With a rolling gait," I put in quickly.

"That's it. Good man. You make your way to the factory and hang about outside. You might learn something useful from the gate keeper, but the first thing would be to get into the canteen on some pretext or other. You'd have no difficulty then. Carry on in a hearty, sea-faring way—slap their backs and so forth—win their confidence, and unobtrusively jot down a few figures. You might even have a word with one of the directors. Simply walk right in and make some excuse—old sea-dog, just back from a long voyage, bit bewildered, lost your way, and so on. Then ask him right out what they made last year!"

"I wonder," I said, thoughtfully, "why they hit on a naval uniform as a suitable disguise?"

"The Chancellor says something about that," said Crumble. "Let's see . . . 'Sometimes I feel that I might as well chuck the whole thing—'; no, that's not it. Here we are: 'It will, of course, be realized that these disguises have been chosen with a view to allaying

possible suspicion. For example, naval officers would not usually be connected in any way with the Inland Revenue; nor should inspectors of gas meters have any difficulty in winning the confidence of the public.' Fair enough."

"What does the pamphlet say about gas inspectors?" I asked.

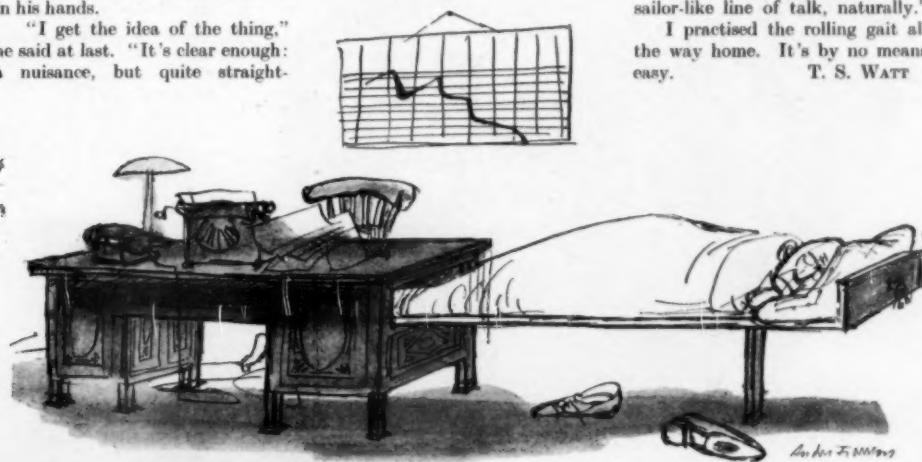
"Well, the main idea seems to be to establish sympathetic relations with the householder. The normal routine will be to fall down in a fit soon after entering the house. That breaks the ice right away and gives you time to get the conversation round to sources of income. Let's see—Sec. F, page 6—This is it: 'Foaming at the Mouth, Simulation of. In the left-hand inner breast pocket of the tunic (P/2, 431), a small tablet of soap (XL43/67), will be found. No difficulty should be experienced in unobtrusively inserting—' I tell you what, Mintaway, they've got this thing well organized, say what you like!"

"When does it start?" I asked.

"Forthwith. Of course, there'll be a few classes first—elocution and deportment principally—but what they call the first wave is supposed to leave the office a week on Monday. You'd better take that naval uniform home and get the feel of it. And there's a booklet to go with it—muzzle velocities, sea-shanties, saluting, gin, typical oaths—all sorts of stuff. You have to have a sailor-like line of talk, naturally."

I practised the rolling gait all the way home. It's by no means easy.

T. S. WATT





THE GAY GAMBO

WIDE the wheels with felly-red
and green the axles spinning go
while gaily, fair-ward faring,
through the day I drive
by hillsides greyly galleried
with beechen boles in thinning row,
my burdens market-bearing
that my farm may thrive.

As light as leaf in winter's chill,
as bright as sky in springing time,
my gambo goes a-canter
on the stone-smooth way,
with colours clear as painter's skill
can make, and run of ringing rhyme
where cheery as a chanter
sings the harness-play.

Old in craft or young as I,
there never lived a farmer yet
whose care dare leave unsplendid
shaft or bridle-shine:
a man may have such tongue as I,
but heart of maid grows warmer yet
to see his tackle tended
like this gear of mine.

The barterers may hum and ho
and golden girls in street may be,
but none so wise will walk there
or so fair as she,
so quiet through the come and go,
and none so fresh and neat may be,
so clear of eye in talk there
and so dear to me.

Your wares will stay in stonding still
without the trim that takes the eye
and he that goes poor-furnished
all alone will ride.

O let your wheels go bounding still
as leaps the heart and wakes the eye,
my gambo gay, bright-burnished,
that shall bear my bride!

ALUN LLEWELLYN



E. H. Shepard



THE CROSS OF MERCY

THE Battle of Solferino, in which about three hundred thousand men fairly pointlessly fell on one another near Mantua in 1859, was a very ugly affair from every point of view, bar one, which proved incalculably important. It happened that a Swiss banker, Jean Henri Dunant, anxious to dedicate a book to Napoleon III, was pursuing the French armies in a travelling carriage; and being a young man of unusual pertinacity, carried his introduction to Mac-Mahon right on to the battlefield. By the time he arrived the medical arrangements, such as they were, had gone to pieces. Vast numbers of wounded lay about unattended. Appalled at this scene of slow torture, Dunant hurriedly impressed peasant nurses, gathered a few doctors, sent to Brescia for chloroform, and worked heroically to reduce the abject confusion around him. What a subject for a film!

From this shattering experience he came out determined that such a tragedy should in future be made impossible. His book, *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, putting forward proposals for regulating internationally



HENRI DUNANT

the miseries of war, made a profound sensation, and at a conference soon after it was agreed that every country should have its own voluntary society for war relief, and that combatant medical services should be given neutral privileges. As an emblem the colours of the flag of Switzerland in reverse were chosen, and so the Red Cross was born. At the Conference of Geneva in 1863 the lines were laid down on which it has since developed. World agreement that the principle of compassion should shine even above the blaze of battle was thus chiefly due to the inspiration of one man, though when he lectured in England shortly afterwards Dunant declared that the real pioneer had been Florence Nightingale.

Two separate bodies emerged. The International Red Cross Committee, for obvious reasons wholly Swiss, was to keep watch from Geneva on the sanctity of the ideal in time of war; everyone knows how much it has done to keep open the channels of mercy between contesting countries, and to mitigate horror by inspection, protest and supply. The other, the League of Red Cross Societies (Red

Crescent Societies in most Moslem States) established in 1919, joined together the huge membership of national Societies to maintain readiness for work in war and also to deal with peace-time suffering.

Our own organization, the British Red Cross Society, was not founded until 1905. Springing from the National Aid Society, formed originally to help the wounded of the Franco-Prussian War, it has worked closely with the Order of St. John, particularly during the last two wars. In time of peace, however, both bodies remain quite separate, although sharing some of their activities.

In the second war they greatly extended the heavy list of services they had built up during the first. Knowing that its money was being spent in the best possible way, the nation subscribed as it had never done before. Men members of the B.R.C.S. detachments that cover the country are all trained in first aid, women in nursing as well, and this gave the Government an invaluable reserve for the hospitals and Civil Defence. The marvellous and selfless labours of the V.A.D.s and Welfare Officers were something that wounded men can never forget, any more than the courage and patience of ambulance crews, both here and abroad.

On the supply side large quantities of extra medical stores were issued to the disabled, with tobacco and cigarettes, games equipment, and books. Every P.O.W. was sent a ten-shilling weekly parcel, and a special section was set up to trace the missing. Contacts were established between refugees and families left behind. In the blitz the B.R.C.S. dramatically fulfilled its





prime aim of dealing quickly and in the widest terms with human hardship in emergency. For the same reason its teams were among the first to enter Belsen.

Now, in a shaky peace, the B.R.C.S. is active in far more directions than can be described in a short article. The most unbelligerent of bodies, it has yet the duty of being prepared for war, and therefore the urgent recruitment lately entrusted to it is taken very seriously: for the National Hospital Service Reserve, to reinforce nursing staffs and man first-aid posts based on hospitals; for the training in first aid of Civil Defence workers; and for naval V.A.D.s. These are vital tasks, which are shared with the Order of St. John.

But in spite of these additional burdens the B.R.C.S. is managing to expand an extraordinary variety of useful functions. It cannot be said too often that by making the nation more conscious of the tattered condition of our social system the Welfare State has thrown a bigger, not a lighter, load on the voluntary societies. Of these, because of its size and elasticity, the B.R.C.S. is one of the most important. Accepting contributions from Government only for certain special services, it relies on the generosity of the public; and though individual donations grow slighter, their number is increasing. Apart from a small paid staff its Members, Associates and

Juniors are volunteers of the most enthusiastic sort. The value to Britain of such a corps inspired by such a tradition needs no emphasis.

With ambulances, first-aid posts, meals on wheels, and similar amenities most of us are familiar from common observation. Less known, and undeservedly so, are a great many extremely imaginative services quietly provided daily by the B.R.C.S. The Foreign Welfare Section, operating through the national Societies of other countries, tracks down missing civilians and obtains reports about relatives believed ill. On refugees' inquiries it is still surprisingly in touch with Societies beyond the Iron Curtain. Much to be applauded are the language cards it has prepared to help foreigners in hospital; the nicest extract from these is "Are you short of breath?" in Hindi, the answer to which seems guaranteed to leave the heartiest patient permanently winded. The Travel Section, a fairy-godmother Thomas Cook, arranges journeys to and from the U.K. of invalids and unaccompanied children. It provides escorts and magically unties red tape. Since this last war the Overseas Department has expanded rapidly. There are now thirty-six branches in British territories, giving splendid encouragement to backward peoples to make themselves healthier, and steadily overcoming even thornier difficulties than that

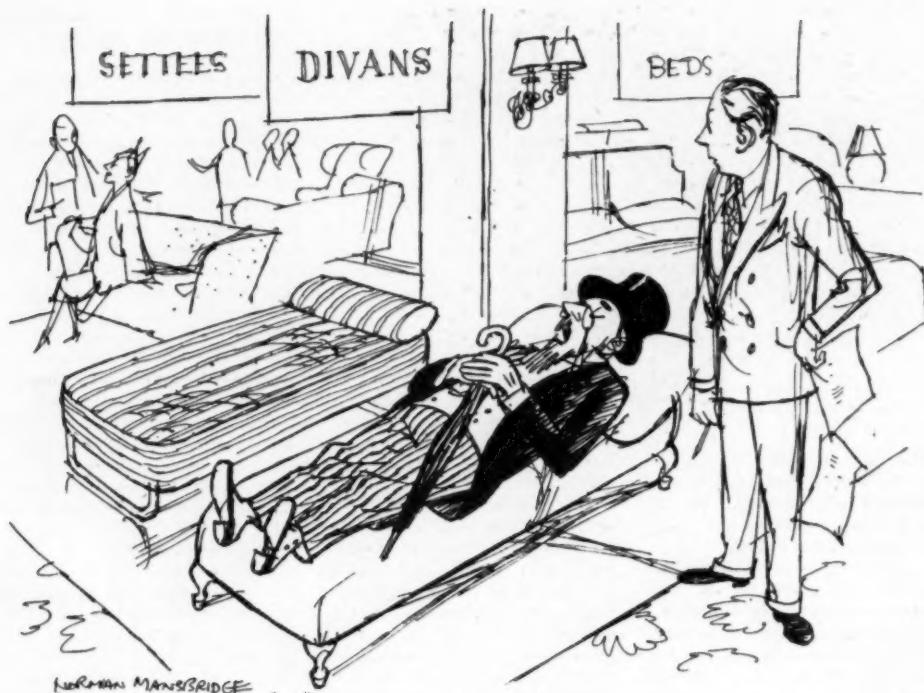
of nude recruits who complained they had nothing on which to fasten a badge.

Then there is the section that supplies special invalid foods at short notice. Here patients declining for lack of caviar are drastically screened, but no obstacles are acknowledged. When lemons were unobtainable in London a life hung on finding some. A signal went to Cairo, the Red Cross rushed to the market, and passengers on the next plane had their pockets stuffed with the fruit. There is the Picture Library, which brings both the balm of "The Stag at Eve" and the shock-therapy of Picasso to hospital walls, with frequent changes. There is, indeed, a whole range of hospital services, none of them more typically thoughtful than that which devises such ingenious aids for the disabled as reflecting glasses for those on their backs and page-turners for the armless.

Nothing could better illustrate the adaptability of British methods than the way in which the B.R.C.S. coped instantly and sensibly with the blitz in war and the floods of 1947 in peace. In its thriving Junior branches it is training young people in the best kind of voluntary service. Always ready, it goes on modestly, often with insufficient public recognition of its day-to-day work for humanity. The immense goodwill it has built up is due partly to its determination to stand above creeds and politics, but chiefly to the magnificent spirit of true compassion.

ERIC KEOWN





"Yes. This will suit my patients very well. The truth is, I am a psychiatrist. Born in the early summer of 1884, just outside Vienna, I remember how my stepfather . . ."

PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY

I'd heard they'd planned to take this monstrous road
Clean through Casitas.
(Casitas, Casitas, the place of small houses
under a mango or tamarind tree,
where only sweet wind of the southern sea
rouses
clouds of green parrots like thoughts of the sea.)
Heaven strike them dead,
All wakeful men who'd bring the groaning load
Of Peace and Plenty down upon the head
Of kindly men who did no mite of wrong—
Woke to birds singing, smiled, and still in bed
Heard the sweet Angelus
(down in the deep creek the summer streams
trickle,
clearer than starlight in green of the moon,
up near the sun is a tiny white sickle—
the star of the evening shines down from the
noon),
and, at Evensong,

Sent drowsy thanks aloft, for quiet and bread.
(O swift deep dusk that falls, almost heard,
from Questa del Torro to Amotape,
O long late labour of carpenter-bird,
O candles we cut from the Santo tree!)

Thank heaven it was not true, what they had said.
Come, tap the firkin, sound the bugle, sing!
Let the horns blow, and the wild bike-bell ring,
Not in Casitas shall old tyres be shed,
(wide is the Honda's bed, tiny the river is,
tinkling on in the summery shingle,
wide is the blue sky where never a quiver is,
save where the condor sails, young, and so single.
O down to the Tumbez and up to the questa,
up to the mountains and down to the sea,
soar on, my condor, in lands of siesta,
where I was too happy to bother to be.)
The splendid road goes somewhere else instead.
Rush on it, stranger. Rush like anything.

AMALGAMATION

BRIGADIER HOGG is almost apoplectic with rage," I said to Edith, "at Sympson's being elected chairman of the Munton Parva Civil Defence Committee. Before Sympson came to the town the Brigadier was automatically elected chairman of everything from the Boy Scouts to the Old Age Pensioners' Glee Club, but bit by bit Sympson is ousting him from his position of leading citizen."

Edith nodded.

"So far as I can make out," she said, "they each hold five chairmanships at present. Sympson has the Civil Defence Committee, the Tennis Club, the Football Club, the Literary Society and the Community Centre. The Brigadier has the Boy Scouts, the Old Age Pensioners' Club, the British Legion, the Constitutional Club and the Museum."

We were interrupted by a call from Sympson himself. He began by talking about the weather and influenza and the Government and that sort of thing, but it was clear that he had something on his mind, and eventually he came to the point.

"Johnson-Clitheroe," he said, "has resigned from the chairmanship of the Festival Memorial Committee, and we're having a meeting to-night to elect a new chairman. I have heard ugly rumours that Brigadier Hogg is after the job, and I hope you will come along and cast your vote against him. Nobody respects the poor old Brigadier more than I do, but for an important committee like the Festival Memorial Committee we need a younger man, with plenty of drive and energy. In the three months since the committee was formed Johnson-Clitheroe has made no headway whatever. No cash has so far been raised, and we haven't yet decided even what form the memorial should take."

We promised to attend the meeting, and a few minutes later Brigadier Hogg rang up and told us that Johnson-Clitheroe had resigned, and that he had heard that Sympson was planning to step into his shoes.

"I hope you'll come along and

help prevent such a disaster," said the Brigadier. "Young Sympson means well, but I think we need a more experienced man for the job."

When we arrived for the meeting we found Brigadier Hogg rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

"Sympson isn't here," he said. "An A.R.P. expert has come down from London, and he's had to call an emergency meeting of his Civil Defence Committee. What is more, the only night he can get an A.R.P. man down to give lectures is Tuesday, and as Tuesday is our night for the Festival Memorial Committee he is definitely out of the running for chairman."

As vice-chairman the Brigadier took the chair, pending the election of a permanent chairman, and tried to rush quickly through the preliminary business so that the election would be over before Sympson could get away from his other meeting. But on "matters arising from the minutes of the previous meeting" Entwistle, who is a friend of Sympson's, managed to start a discussion as to what form the memorial should take. The secretary

of the local Labour Party suggested a statue of Herbert Morrison and somebody else suggested a statue of Winston Churchill, and they were still talking when Sympson arrived.

"The fact is," he said, "that we don't know whether we're going to have a war or a festival this year, and the sensible thing seems to be to prepare for both. I suggest that our Festival Memorial takes the form of an ornamental air raid shelter, combining utility with beauty, and that this committee be amalgamated with my Civil Defence Committee."

The motion was carried by a large majority, so that Brigadier Hogg and Sympson are still running neck-and-neck, with five chairmanships each. D. H. BARBER

2 2

"REEPHAM BRITISH LEGION
HORTICULTURAL SHOW
Class No. 61
6 Gingerbread Biscuits
Age under 18 years."
Ticket on exhibit

Almost ready for the railways.



"Would you like to come in and have your eyes tested?"



Caprice Vénitien

Valreas—MR. TERENCE MORGAN; Sartorys—MR. MICHAEL GOVER
Froufrou—MISS JEAN KENT; Brigard—MR. HEDLEY BRIGGS

AT THE PLAY

Celestina (EMBASSY)—Froufrou (NEW LINDSEY)



R. ASHLEY DUKES is adept at making bricks of curious and pleasing design with very little straw. He is a scholar-romantic who can wave a wand over the broadest sort of story and spring-clean it into something light and lyrical. *Celestina*, as he tells us in a programme note, has been a character in European fiction for a long time. Fernando de Rojas wrote a dialogue story about her in the fifteenth century, which James Mabbe put into English in 1631. There she had a beard and was a bawdy old horror, whose house of assignation could have had small attraction; but starting with this unlikely material Mr. DUKES has made a charming little play that would scarcely have brought a blush to the cheeks of our grandmothers.

Beardless, and uncorrupted by her trade, his *Celestina* has an air of integrity which would easily pass in the Common room of any genteel academy. Played by Miss MARY ELLIS, she is a creature of dignity and warmth, and her conduct of her establishment must have set a new standard for the Spain of the eighteenth century. We quickly

forget, as she does too, what kind of house we are in; the play is not a piece of realism but a stylized fancy keyed to Mr. DUKES' own brand of semi-historical dialogue, which avoids fustian and yet takes us into a past where the heart's absurdities can be examined at leisure in a mood of gentle satire. The whole evening is an orchestration of sentiment, but none of its people is quite real. They represent emotions, and are part of their author's pretence that things could happen like this even in such circumstances; and since his art is to put a shot of anesthetic into our sense of the incredible we quickly accept his convention. Even at the end, when *Celestina*, cheated of love by a rather complicated exhibition of Spanish pride, takes to the river, it hardly strikes us as odd that, instead of plunging after her, the best her sturdy sea-captain can do is to hide his face in his cloak from so very sad a sight.

The story is so slight that it needs the good acting it receives in Miss MARY MORRIS's production. For the first time *Celestina* is in love, with a shy mariner whose suit of the haughty daughter of a magistrate

she has smoothed professionally. Her aim is to get him to her house in the way of business and there put her rival in the shade. The plan goes well, then badly, and finally succeeds; but Latin temperament being notoriously uncertain on the stage all hope of a future which looks far rosier than she could have expected is consumed in one of those swift blazes of lofty bigotry beyond the comprehension of the practical Nordic mind. Poor *Celestina* drowns, but her death is part of a pattern that isn't meant to touch us.

Some critics have evidently been bored by this play, but I enjoyed its quietly witty commentary on human behaviour; and it is handled at the Embassy by a cast with an excellent understanding of the deceptively simple medium in which they are working. Miss ELLIS's portrait of a cool and worldly woman snared at last by passion is perfect; Mr. CLEMENT McCALLIN imbues the romantic captain with a poise that saves him from foolishness; Miss MAXINE AUDLEY very nearly freezes us with arrogance, and Mr. ALAN WHEATLEY, as *Celestina*'s faithful steward, provides a sardonic corrective to so much talk of love. The minor characters are all good. Mr. JOHN PEMBERTON's sets whisk us happily to Spain.

It did occur to me to wonder that the names of visitors anxious to preserve their anonymity should



Capriccio Español
Celestina—MISS MARY ELLIS

be inscribed in a large book left lying about. And also I felt that the curfew ordered by the puritanical Captain of the Guard for ten o'clock would have deprived *Celestina*, at any rate in modern Spain, of her dinner. I suppose even Spaniards dined earlier in the eighteenth century.

Both our heroines this week finish in the morgue. *Froufrou's* death, of a sudden decline, was no doubt considered, in 1869, a just recompense for her outrage of society, and it has probably been made momentarily heart-rending by some of the tremendous actresses who have played the part; but now it seems the weakest incident in a play otherwise put together with considerable skill. The title, suggesting froth and nonsense, is grossly misleading; in fact

Froufrou, by MELIAC and HALÉVY, is a serious drama about a capricious wife who comes too late to her senses. It is not good enough to be tragic but quite good enough to hold our attention. *Froufrou* is a nice little flirt who continues to be irresponsible as a wife and mother, and then, awakened to her frivolity, is rebuffed by her kind but despairing husband in her attempts to grow up. More out of bravado than flightiness she goes to Venice with a lover; there he is killed by her husband in a duel; and six weeks later *Froufrou*, almost uncannily smitten by conscience, creeps back into his flat to expire in the most pathetic circumstances.

The adaptation, by Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS, and the production, by Mr. PETER CRESWELL, give the play a fair chance; but Miss JEAN

KENT, though able to deal gaily with the early *Froufrou*, cannot manage the later editions in which the biggest emotional stops need to be pulled out. Mr. MICHAEL GOVER gives a sound account of the solid husband, Miss MOLLY RAYNOR is amusing as a rattling baroness, and Mr. TERENCE MORGAN goes some of the way towards romance in Venice.

Recommended

Anouilh's *Point of Departure* (Duke of York's) easily tops the list, a fine play very well acted. Those in search of laughter can choose safely between *Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo), *To Dorothy, A Son* (Savoy), and the *Fol-de-Rols* (St. Martin's), an honest seaside troupe with two excellent male comedians.

ERIC KROWN

2 1 3

AT THE OPERA

Don Carlos (SADLER'S WELLS)

TO commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Verdi, and to herald the Festival of Britain, Sadler's Wells has presented a revival of *Don Carlos*. This opera was originally commissioned for the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and was accordingly written with an eye to French susceptibilities. The very liberal ideas of the drama by Schiller from which the libretto was compiled were toned down; none the less the Empress Eugénie in her box on the first night ostentatiously turned her back on the stage to express Imperial disapproval of the sentiments expressed.

The dances, put in to gratify French taste, were rooted out by Verdi himself. In the version now presented at Sadler's Wells NORMAN TUCKER has made liberal use of scissors and paste to clarify and speed the action. But the opera is still too long, and the sense of unease that possessed the composer's mind when he wrote it has not been exorcized. Verdi, with his profound knowledge of the human heart and his love of freedom (he

was a passionate admirer of Garibaldi), is patently holding his feelings in check. The producer, GEORGE DEVINE, is well aware of this and tries to compensate for it by flinging the characters about the floor like so many ninpines whenever a hint of emotion appears. If in *Rigoletto* the ill-fated jester were to fling himself right through the boards at the discovery of *Gilda's* abduction, his audience would, metaphorically at any rate, fling themselves after him; but in *Don Carlos* the emotions of the leading characters seem hardly such as to bowl anyone over, though they receive every encouragement both from a Spanish tyrant and a blood-thirsty Inquisition. The Inquisition itself, as personified by the red-robed *Grand Inquisitor*, is also wobbly at the knees, presumably through contemplation of its own gory record. The score prescribes two monks to support it, but these Mr. DEVINE has reduced to one monk and a walking-stick.

All of which is not to say that this enterprising revival of *Don Carlos* is in any sense a waste of

time or effort. It may not have the sweep of *Rigoletto*, the appeal of the preposterous *Trovatore* or the pathos of *Traviata*, but it has moments of great beauty and one character, *Rodrigo*, as nobly conceived and sustained as any in Verdi's works before *Otello*.

AMY SHUARD, as *Princess Eboli*, who from jealousy betrays the lovers, *Don Carlos* and *Elizabeth de Valois*, to the King, steals the show with her aria "O don fatale"—as well she might, for this is an aria "to tear a cat in," and to her credit she tears it in the grand manner. STANLEY CLARKSON brings the character of *King Philip* to life, and the scene in which he expresses his grief that the *Queen* has never loved him is nobly sung. JOAN HAMMOND and JAMES JOHNSTON sing brilliantly as *Elizabeth* and *Don Carlos*; but the most distinguished performance of all is that of FREDERICK SHARP as *Rodrigo, Duke of Posa*, whose liberalism and enlightenment so much annoyed the Empress Eugénie. This is a characterization of great dignity and complete conviction.

D. C. B.

L'ECOLE DE PARIS

IN what way do they form a "School," those artists who have swarmed, like bees, in Paris, in the first half of this century? They are not linked by methods of training—the School of Paris has little to do with art schools—nor by nationality—they are a league of nations of the brush, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, German, Swiss, Polish, Rumanian, Bulgarian. Picasso has done much to bring, and hold, the excited cluster together. He, it may be recalled, when asked who were the new painters in Paris, is said to have answered "Moi." The essential link, however, is an idea or a train of thought, the results of which can be fairly well estimated from the latest of the Royal Academy's exhibitions at Burlington House, L'Ecole de Paris, 1900-1950. The absence of Picasso, on political grounds, may suggest that the exhibition is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. The absence of Salvador Dali, for reasons unstated, also makes it less than complete. But enough that is brilliant or controversial remains to show what the School of Paris has collectively been trying to do.

In effect it has taken painting to pieces in order to find out what



"makes it tick." It has assumed colour and line and form to have their own meanings (or reasons for being), and separated them from other meanings. Thus, in the present exhibition, which is arranged in rough chronological order, the subject dwindles in importance as the years go by. Art moves farther and farther away from nature, the normal outside appearance of things. You might conclude from the most recent works shown that no one in France, these days, ever paints a portrait. There must be artists who do, of course, but evidently they are not members of the School of Paris.

The end of this research has been emotion and not fact, which up to a point has been a good thing and, also up to a point, is not so hard to understand as some people think. Pictures overloaded with fact tend to be dull, and this the visitor to Burlington House may conveniently judge by taking the left-hand turnstile and looking at some minor works of the seventeenth century. The emotional use of colour—an achievement of the School of Paris—is exciting, and to colour most of us respond. These artists know how to make their work tell; and in a different sense of

the word they "tell" something about their time also. Separated from local and national tradition, reflecting the mood of the moment there are a good many things which make the twentieth century different from any other.

Yet having completed the round and come to the final room the visitor may well feel a certain disquiet. Is the abstract art of the School to-day the crown of fifty years' effort, the promise of fresh advance? It does not give that impression. It suggests indeed that one of the false promises of the School of Paris has been that of unlimited progress in one direction. It has landed in a cul-de-sac, and if the painter asks "Where do we go from here?" it is impossible to say "Go forward"; to suppose that they can stay where they are, with eyes averted from life, involved in a sort of Byzantine pattern-making, is perhaps as disheartening for the artist as for the public. There are times when to go back is the best means of progress, and the time seems to have come to put painting together again, even if this means starting afresh. Art is a delicate balance of means and end which the School of Paris has adjusted to some purpose—but has, in the long run, pushed over too far.

WILLIAM GAUNT

* * *

THE SANITARY INSPECTOR

"Sanitary inspectors realize the bowler hat is a very out-of-date form of headgear. They want black trilbies instead."—A Chief Sanitary Inspector.

WITH us ther was a ful solempe man
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To lernen aught, he loved clenenesse.
In purite was mannes worthinesse,
To liven wel, in helthe and sanitee;
That was his sentence and his heigh decree.
Ther nas no pype of lead, ne tap, ne dreyne
That nas nat in his powre and his domayne;
He wolde wel his toun were clene of lys
And bugges smale, and eek of rats and mys,
Which that with povson slew he by the score;
Of privees coude he al the newe lore.
If that a man sholdes sellen foulle mete,
Or any vitaille that men nolde ete,
Agyen him wolde he bringen al the lawe;
Certeis, the shoppe-men him hadde in awe.

I trow his nose might smellen everich stinke,
Were it from esse-poole or kitchene sinke:
For everichon he had his propre bote.
He rood al seemly in a blake cote,
With cressed trouser striped al adoun:
A better officer nas ther in toun;
And in his conscience was al his reed.
But tore he gruced that up-on his heed
He wered, for the nonce, a bowler hat,
For of his gild he was licenciat.
Him lever han a trilbie hat, he cryde,
Of souple croun, with brimme blake and wyde,
To be the signe of his fraternitee.
He wond in a toune by the see:
A wif he had, and childer thre with-alle.
His voyes was loud: I noot how men him calle.

G. H. VALLINS



"Yes, these are my script writers."

HOLIDAYS WITH HEMPSTITCH

HE'S a good fellow, is Hempstitch, and we like him very much. I want you to understand that right from the start. But even with the best of fellows things can sometimes come to a pretty pass.

Things appear to have come to one now, with Hempstitch.

We first met Hempstitch in 1947 at Poltrunnion. He had, it seemed, been spending his holiday there every autumn for years. For us that was the first year of many—we liked Poltrunnion, we still like it, and we shall keep on going there. He feels the same.

We were not surprised to run into him again in 1948. He turned up at the beginning of our second week, and we spent much of our time with him. It was good fun. On our return home, I remember, we agreed that, with Hempstitch there and Poltrunnion looking just the same as ever, it had been more

like a continuation of the previous year's holiday than a new one. There was, we decided, a sense of continuity . . .

A month later the telephone rang in my office just as I was about to go home. It was Hempstitch, down from London on business and feeling he ought to look me up. We had tea and I saw him off on the London train. It was like a breath from Poltrunnion and very pleasant.

In 1949 the first person we met when we arrived at Poltrunnion was Hempstitch. He had been there a week and had somehow felt that we would be arriving that day.

We had an excellent week of Hempstitch's company, and our farewell to him at the station had a wistful touch. But, we assured each other, we would almost certainly meet again in a year's time.

Two weeks later, just as I was going home, the telephone rang.

It was Hempstitch.

We had tea. Each of us, we told each other, was like a breath from Poltrunnion.

Two months later he lunched with me, came home to tea and returned to London by the last train. In all, that year, we saw Hempstitch five times.

1950 opened quietly for both parties, and I suppose it must have been early March before Hempstitch and I met for lunch and a good long chat. Thereafter we heard from him only twice, apart from the long week-end he was able to spare us early in May. So we had plenty to say to each other when, strolling around Plymouth station to stretch my legs on the way to Poltrunnion in August, I ran into him doing the same.

He is, I feel I must repeat, a good fellow, and we went on liking him very much, right through the

fortnight that we spent entirely in each other's company.

* * * * *

Last week, as I was going home, the telephone . . .

"Look," said Hempstitch as I saw him into an empty compartment on the London train, "have you, by any chance, booked up already for Poltrunning this year?"

I looked him straight in the eyes.

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"So have I," said Hempstitch. "Er—when have you booked for?"

I hesitated. After all, as I hope I have made quite clear, he really is a good fellow, and . . .

"Look here, Hemp," I said. "You're a grand chap and we really do like you very much."

"Thank you," said Hempstitch.

"But," I went on, "it's like this. When we first met you, you were associated in our minds with Poltrunning. You were, as I think I told you once, like a breath from Poltrunning."

"So you did," said Hempstitch reminiscently. "And I think I told you you were too."

The two breaths from Poltrunning eyed each other for a few moments. Whistles began to blow, so I hurried to get to the point.

"Then," I said, "perhaps you'll understand what I mean. We've seen a good deal of each other since then. And we're always delighted to see you, remember that. But last year, at Poltrunning, it wasn't quite the same. I mean, instead of your being a breath from Poltrunning to us at home, you were now a breath from home to us at Poltrunning. And although we like home we do like to get away from it for two weeks every year."

"I see," said Hempstitch. "And so?"

The train began to move.

"And so," I said, moving along with it, "we've booked up for a month earlier than usual. I hope you understand . . ."

The train was now accelerating. Hempstitch was leaning out as I began to fall behind.

"I understand perfectly," he called.

"Good," I called back.

"In fact," he shouted, "I have done exactly the same."

 & &

THE BEES OF MARS

In his book, "The Riddle of the Flying Saucers", Mr. Gerald Heard has advanced the theory that these missiles come from Mars, on which there may exist a race of highly developed bees—"immensely ahead of the bees here."

ON Mars there lives a splendid race
Of intellectual super-bees,
Surpassing far in wit and grace
The wasps of Aristophanes.

Rent-free in super-heated hives
The ranks of super-workers dwell,
And super-drones dream out their lives
Within a snug electric cell.

In moods of deep post-prandial bliss
They drink a toast to other stars,
Then hurl into the vast abyss
Their coffee saucers and cigars.



"That's fine, R. B., but wouldn't it be
a trifle more adventurous to have a slot made in it?"

IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME



"Hello, is that you, darling? I thought I must just ring up and have a—



chat. How are you, my pet? Worn out, I suppose, like everyone else . . . of course, you know, you really oughtn't to do so much—always rushing—

off doing something for someone, and having people to stay and that: you just shouldn't let your friends take advantage of—

your good nature: why don't you just make up your mind to be firm and tell them you're too busy to have them? If they're real friends, they'll—



understand, and, if they were real friends, they wouldn't ask you, knowing how busy you are . . . Heaven knows, it's tiring enough just trailing round London, in any—

case . . . oh, and that reminds me: I've got to come up and trail round London myself next Wednesday—might I just come and use your spare room? I'd be—

no trouble: just lunch and dinner and we could go shopping together, and perhaps do a show in the evening . . . and I'd leave very early on Thursday to catch the—



seven a.m. train back, so you'd hardly know I was there, and it would be just lovely to see you and give you a—

real good lecture about not letting people—

impose on you."

THE BED-TIME STORY

THE fairly general muttering among coholders against the low standard of bed-time stories is given deserved backing in the report, just published, of the Nursery Listeners Research Committee.

Some of us, particularly in the lower school-going age group, have long been aware of the gradual decline in the quality of material, narration and realism of the story-for-the-stairs; and the report, in language that a child could understand, summarizes the facts.

Dealing with substance, an analysis of the reactions of a carefully chosen and very cross section of the listening public shows that the percentage of new plots has risen only three points over the year and that, for instance, Jack goes through the same old routine on the Beanstalk, that the laughs have worn rather thin, and the weaknesses in construction, the *longueurs*, and false notes in the tale should have relegated it to programmes designed solely for non-discriminatory and ingenuous younger females. So marked is this trend that the returns show only a very low interest index even among permanent occupiers of high chairs and a large proportion of the thumb-sucking class. This factor—the refusal of the authorities to bring their material up-to-date to cater

for the tastes of experienced listeners—is sharply criticized; and a stern warning is obvious in the revelation, in the report, of the steady rise in the numbers of copies of *Chickabiddies*, *Tots*, and *Baby's Own* found under pillows; and in the staggering proportion of listeners who are dropping off to sleep before the end of the average story related during the hot milk.

One agrees with the Committee when it maintains that with very little effort—even some private pre-story reading would be winked at—a little more realism could be introduced into what has, in so many cases, become a mere mechanical recital of disconnected incidents. The Committee feels—and so do we—that Sindbad would have a much bigger listening audience if he set off occasionally in a submarine; and the recurring porridge motif in the "Three Bears" serial is tactlessly chosen for those of us who—through no fault of our own—are accustomed to pretty plain fare ourselves. And the sense of frustration every listener feels when he realizes that, no matter how many times he stamps the pavement with his foot, there is little likelihood of a dimly-lit cavern opening before his eyes; when the chances of three wishes being granted by, say, the butcher are remote—the irritation

engendered robs even the most easily understood narrative of any real interest.

The report underlines the importance—a point largely forgotten by parents—of playing to the seen rather than the unseen audience. The practice of fathers—probably the worst offenders—of raising the voice towards the end of a story so that mothers in the next room can come casually into the nursery with a "wasn't-that-lovely-and-you'll-be-a-good-boy/girl-now-and-no-shouting" simply aggravates what has come almost to be continual suspicion.

The report ends with some harsh things on the propaganda variation of the story; and the programme planners are strongly advised to vary at least the fantastic "When the little boy had eaten all his dinner, the Fairy Queen," etc., with some realistic theme such as the hero getting away with dirty hands at tea, or slipping a piece of cake into his pocket . . . unnoticed.



SAMPLE

I WILL write you a poem
Bejewelled with assonance
To give an impressive
And off-key resonance.

I will write you a poem
So subtly varied in metre
That even the versification of Ezra
Pound is
Neater.

I will write you a poem
With such, odd punctuation
That the ablest scholiasts—
Will suffer frustration?

I will write you a poem
Of such Metaphysicality
That Appearance of Meaning
Is its only Reality.

I will write you a poem
With rhymes as elaborate
As this that requires
Calling cabaret cabaret.

I will write you a poem
With so dying a fall
That it scarcely is heard
At all, at all—

R. G. G. PRICE



BOOKING OFFICE

Like a Tea-tray in the Sky



UEER airships were recorded over Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, before transferring their frolics recently to the western States of America. Scoffers at flying saucers, of whom I am certainly not one, should test the strength of their scepticism against the weighty list of documented evidence cited in two books just published. Each author quotes incidents ignored by the other, but the classic cases common to both books should be enough to shake us.

Mr. Frank Scully's *Behind the Flying Saucers* is a pert piece of high-octane American journalism, bristling with tedious animosity against the Air Force Intelligence of his country for blowing hot and cold on his pet subject. About the frustrations of military security he writes like an angry child who believes no one has the right to smack it; nevertheless his book contains a mass of arresting material. In incident after incident which he describes, giving date, names, place and time, American observers during the last four years have seen mysterious intruders whose speed and agility enormously exceeded that of the most modern planes. Many of these observers have been professional pilots, stolid types not prone to fantasy, and it is difficult to remain unimpressed by the extent to which their accounts tally. What makes one begin to wonder is the evidence of Mr. Scully's star witness, a scientist who most unfortunately prefers to be anonymous. This "Dr. Gee" claimed to have inspected a number of crashed saucers, and gave details that would have made H. G. Wells welcome him as a collaborator. Made in unknown metals to dimensions based on the number nine, the saucers were circular, with a cabin full of dead but perfectly developed little men, three feet high, in badgeless uniforms. No means of propulsion could be found, but push-button controls studded the dash and there was a minute and baffling radio. The largest ship, all but one hundred feet in diameter, carried a lavatory, wafer food, and water of twice the normal weight. To "Dr. Gee's" disgust the ships were dismantled by the Air Force, but in his pocket he had some bits with which Mr. Scully was allowed to toy. The conclusions of this pugnacious investigator are briefly as follows: the saucers harness the lines of magnetic force, and can therefore travel at least as fast as light; Venus is more probably their home field than Mars, because Mars has a less hospitable climate; they could make the round trip in under an hour and a half; and New Mexico attracts them as a testing ground because it is an area of magnetic faults. Well, well.

The second book, couched in the style of popular science which writes "encapsuled" for "contained," is *The Riddle of the Flying Saucers*. In it Mr. Gerald Heard goes part of the starlit way with Mr. Scully. He agrees that the saucers are planetary visitors, travelling by magnetic force; but he declines to believe that any have landed, and his bet for their source is

Mars. Now for the fun. Arguing that only very tiny crews could stand the strains of such fantastic flight, and encouraged by the experiments of a Dr. von Frisch, who has discovered startling intelligence in bees, he suggests that a race of Martian super-bees is interested in America for two reasons: the radiations of Fort Knox have excited their curiosity, while atomic projects have aroused anxiety lest the earth be wantonly exploded, and, turning to dust, cut off the sparse supply of sunlight to their remote apiary. Such anxiety would be reasonable, for apparently a Yale professor persuaded the authorities at the time of Bikini that an atom bomb in the ocean might turn the world over, but whether Mr. Heard has a super-bee in his bonnet is for the jury to consider.

The Washington announcement, which he quotes, that a "U.S. Earth Satellite Vehicle Programme" plans to moor aerial docks in the far empyrean makes me feel that we deserve any unpleasantness the saucers may portend. If scientists would cure the common cold before meddling vulgarly with the heavens they would be doing things in the right order. For myself, I have decided that my children shall keep a tame asteroid only over my magnetic body.

ERIC KEOWN

Unofficial Parachutists

What could be called "high-grade intelligence reports" have tended, recently, to replace the conventional war novel; and though *Call It Treason* belongs to this category, its cold, laconic description of



what happens to three "Joes" (or spies) when they are dropped behind enemy lines is far more exciting than fiction. The first part of the book makes an excellent text-book on how the Americans train their informers from the moment they offer their services in a P.O.W. cage to the point when they take off for Germany to collect information. Mr. George Howe then frankly "fictionalizes" the three different types of men who volunteer—the "Tiger" whose motive is greed, the Russian wireless operator who craves excitement, and the hero of the book, "Happy," the young idealistic German who throws in his lot with the Allies because he is against the Nazis. The result is a brilliantly sustained picture—with snapshots of German war life and portraits of many different types of human being—of what it is like, and how it feels, to spy on one's fellow countrymen for a foreign power. Mr. Howe chose a difficult subject; but his treatment of it could scarcely be improved upon.

R. K.

Muscovite Melodrama

The English edition of M. Henri Troyat's *Pushkin: His Life and Times*, which omits the bibliographical and critical material in the French original, provides a rip-snorting romance of wine, women and cards under the Tsars. The wild night life of the capital, the silver melancholy of the serf-tilled countryside and the quarrels of the literary world, gingerly supervised by the Secret Police, are rich ingredients which M. Troyat



"He won't give you any more until you tell him it's delicious."

stirs with gusto. In the absence of any critical discussion the numerous translations of Pushkin's poems do not give a very clear idea of his literary personality. However, the violence of his energy and the roots of his tranquillity become apparent in the course of this sympathetic and vivid account of his career. A Byron or a Marlowe in his life, a Herrick and a Scott in his work, Pushkin was not only a great writer but a great Russian, and this biography may be helpful in understanding his bewildering compatriots. R. G. G. P.

R. G. G. P.

Frugal Comfort

An anthology of (mostly English) prose and verse can be no mean argument for *The Pleasures of Poverty*. Setting aside the somewhat hypocritical tributes of aphorism-coiners like Bacon, and the Petit-Trianon make-believe of courtly pastoralists, it is the poor who have for the most part praised poverty. No one has lauded involuntary destitution; but even secular wisdom has decreed that the humble estate is the happiest, while mystics have gone further and left all to follow the gleam. The whole gamut of choices, with an excellent introduction to them, is represented by Mr. Anthony Bertram in this shapely book. A more consolatory gift for an indigent age cannot be imagined. There are, one perceives, fewer than a dozen examples, out of over four hundred, of sweet content in the town—and almost all from writers or artists. The most unforgettable is an affectionately Elian genre-piece by Rainer Maria Rilke of an old hermit keeping a second-hand bookshop.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

Behind the Flying Saucers. Frank Scully. (Gollancz, 10/6)
The Riddle of the Flying Saucers. Gerald Heard. (Carroll and Nicholson, 10/6)
Call It Treason. George Howe. (Rupert Hart-Davis, 10/6)
Pushkin: His Life and Times. Henri Troyat. (Gollancz, 21/-)
The Pleasures of Poverty: An Argument and an Anthology. Anthony Bertram. (Hollis and Carter, 15/-)

Other Recommended Books

Diversion. Edited by John Sutro. (Parrish, 18/6) Big, generously-produced, entertaining miscellany—twenty-two authors (including John Betjeman, Sacheverell Sitwell, V. S. Pritchett, Emlyn Williams, Dilys Powell, Nigel Balchin, William Plomer) on "the lively arts," of which the cinema gets most attention. Twenty-four photogravure plates and forty line drawings.

The Exploits of Engelbrecht. Maurice Richardson. (Phoenix House, 86.) The wild activities of Engelbrecht, the dwarf surrealist boxer, in the world of sport. Fantastically ingenious comic nightmares, with pungent parody illustrations by James Boswell.

Maigret on Holiday. Georges Simenon. (Routledge, 9/6) Two Maigret stories, "A Summer Holiday" and "To Any Lengths." A particularly good pair; the second fascinatingly unravels a plot of unusual complication.

An Introduction to Railway Architecture. Christian Barman. (Art and Technics, 15/-) Illuminating essay and lavish picture-book. Erudite survey of newly-established branch of the History of Art.

The Old Vic, 1949-50 Season. Lionel Hale. (Evans, 7/6) A lively examination in which the views of other critics are compared and discussed.

EARLY TURN

THE conductor seemed to have had enough. "Two to Victoria," the man in the back seat demanded.

"Two sixes."

"Used to be fourpence when I was a boy."

The conductor observed "Those horse buses were very reasonable," and continued his relentless search for fares.

The man accosted him coming back. "Was that remark intended to be offensive?"

"Take it whichever way you like." The conductor clattered incontinent down the stairs.

Trials continued to assault his patience. "You didn't stop at that last stop," a woman on the platform accused him.

The conductor strove after equanimity. "Can you prove that?" he asked her.

"I don't know about proving it. But you didn't stop."

"That's a serious accusation. We're supposed to stop."

"I know you are. That's why I'm complaining."

"If we didn't stop how did you get on?"

"I jumped on at the traffic lights."

The conductor maintained the refusal to abide the question without proof. "Two only I want," he ordered at the next stop.

"Three got off," reasoned a man in the queue.

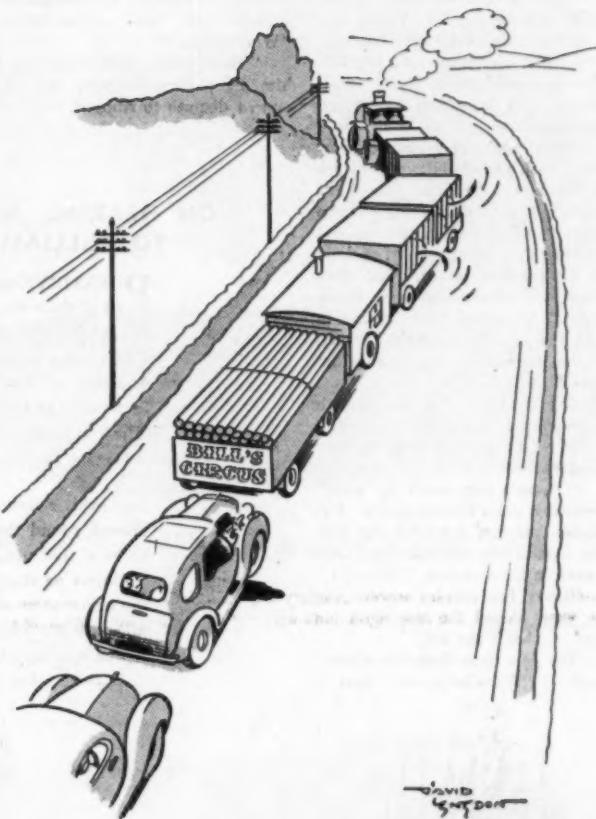
"Two only I want," the conductor repeated, and watched unmoved as the man clambered inside. "Until you get off," he announced, "we don't start."

Turned heads and murmurings indicated impatience among the passengers. The driver climbed down from his cabin and came round. "What's going on here?" he inquired.

"Chap refuses to get off the bus." The conductor nodded in the direction of the offender.

"Now come on, mate," the driver advised. The man surrendered to the inevitable and got off. The conductor rang the bell to complete the formalities of departure.

"Bit of a Hitler, isn't he?" a



"Overtake . . . don't overtake—can't make it out."

woman inside the bus remarked to her neighbour. The conductor addressed her. "Were you referring to me?"

The woman scorned denial. "I was."

The conductor offered explanation. "Do you know what time I was out this morning?"

The woman forbore to hazard an answer.

"Five. You got any idea what it's like out at five?"

"You don't have to be in a temper all day."

"I'm not in a temper."

"Not much you're not. Never

known such behaviour from a conductor. Usually so considerate. Give us the tip when it's your late turn, will you? You might be fit to travel with then."

The bell ringing unauthorized at the next stop brought him rushing down noisy again from upstairs. "Who rang that bell?" he demanded. The ranks closed against him. "I'm responsible for the safety of the passengers on the bus. No one rings to start except me."

The man in the corner seat made confession. "It was me who rang if you want to know. What's the good of waiting?"

"Get the bus moving. Think we've got all day?" Voices upstairs used the advantage of anonymity. The conductor rang the bell with measured authority. "Any-one want the Army and Navy?" he challenged.

"Yes, me." A woman encumbered with parcels laboured to get to her feet. "I hope you don't mind." The conductor ignored the attempt at provocation, and imposed his weight on the queue. "Let them off the bus first, please. Now come along off that platform there. Right." He watched as the woman with the parcels transferred herself to the pavement. "Now the first three."

The woman who was fourth endeavoured to enlist his sympathy. "I've been waiting here for twenty minutes."

"There's two seats up here," shouted a voice from upstairs. The woman put her hand on the rail. The conductor acknowledged the breach in his defences. "All right," he allowed her, and let another one on, then barred the way with his arm. "That's the lot."

The bus drew into the station yard. "Three-ha'pence," said a

woman getting out. The conductor adhered to his awkwardness. "Where from?"

"Threepenny," a man informed him in passing, cutting the incipient dispute to ribbons.

"Threepenny. Two threes. Fourpenny and a twopenny child's." The conductor punched the tickets unhesitatingly, and dropped them disdainfully, as though they were so many passengers, on the floor.

6 6

ON HEARING HIMSELF COMPARED TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

PRESAIRVE us a'! It's unco kind

In a' these fowk tae keep in mind
The birth-night of a simple hind—

Is 't no' a wonder?
And blythe I'd be tae join ye a'
In tipplin' at the usquebaugh
(The haggis ye may tak' awa'—

It gars me scunner);

But, brither Scots, I cannae think,
Though round the board the bottles link,
Ye're a' that muckle waur for drink—

Aiblins ye show it;
Sae never name me Shakespeare's mate;
Although my Muse was name sae blate
Wullie's as far abune my gait

As ye're below it. G. D. R. DAVIES



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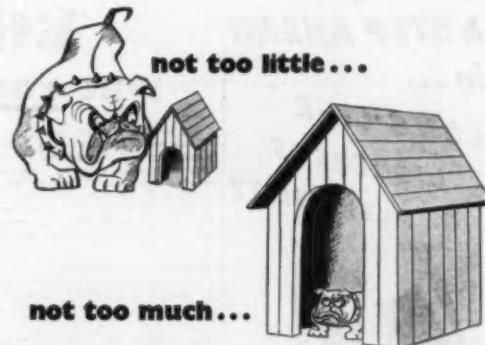
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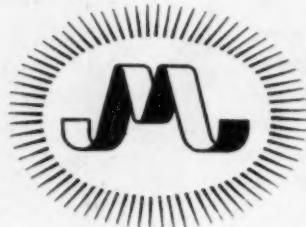
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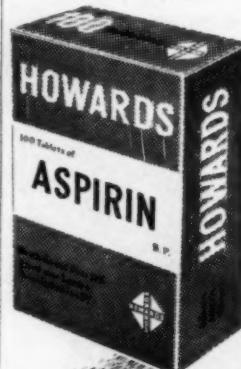
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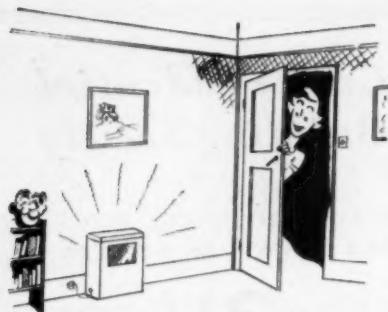
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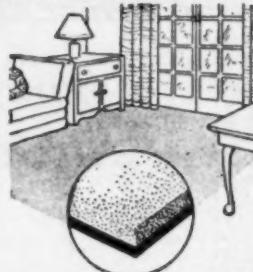
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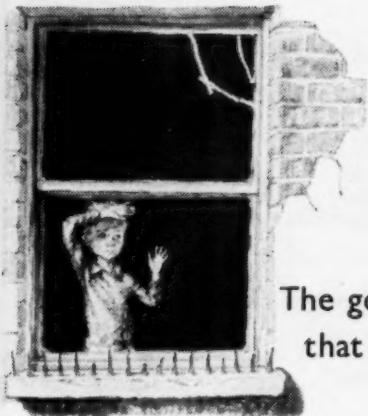
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Who dearly loves a steak that's rare.
He takes two Rennies after meals
And stomach pains he never feels!

But Grosvenor, who's his son and heir,
Neglects to take a similar care —
His afternoons are far from placid
And much disturbed by stomach acid!

**Suck two Rennies slowly, like
sweets...to restore acid balance**

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain . . . but abrupt alkalinisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies slowly, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion, do see your doctor.



DIGESTIF RENNIES for
happy stomachs

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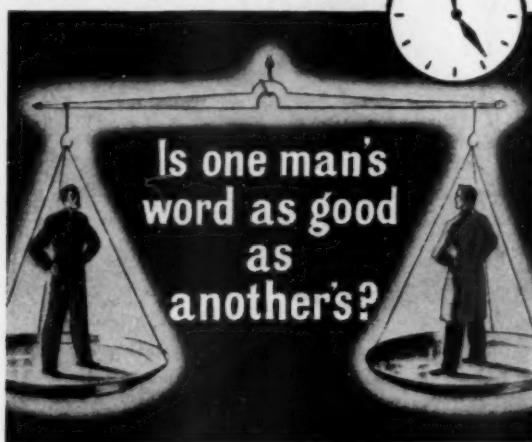
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PIMM'S No.1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



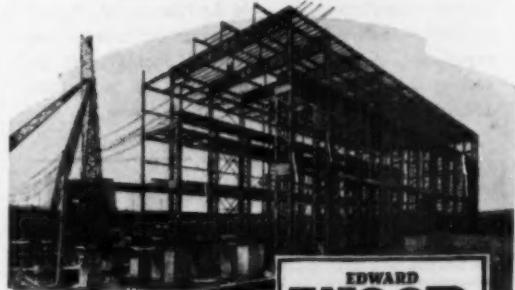
Look back and wonder



The ruins of Zimbabwe remain shrouded in mystery, the more so because the excellence of the building indicates an advanced civilisation of which all trace has been lost.

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*The torrid Captain Tighe, Sir,
When temperatures ran high, Sir,
Hailing his bos'un, roared "My man,
Invent me an electric fan!"
The bos'un piped :*

"AEI, AEI, SIR!"

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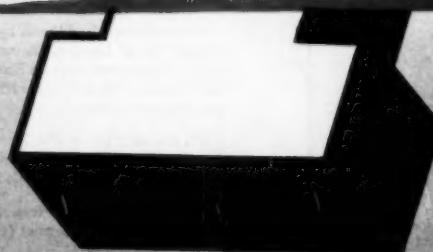
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